

16 EXTRA PAGES

JULY

SUPER MYSTERY

COMICS

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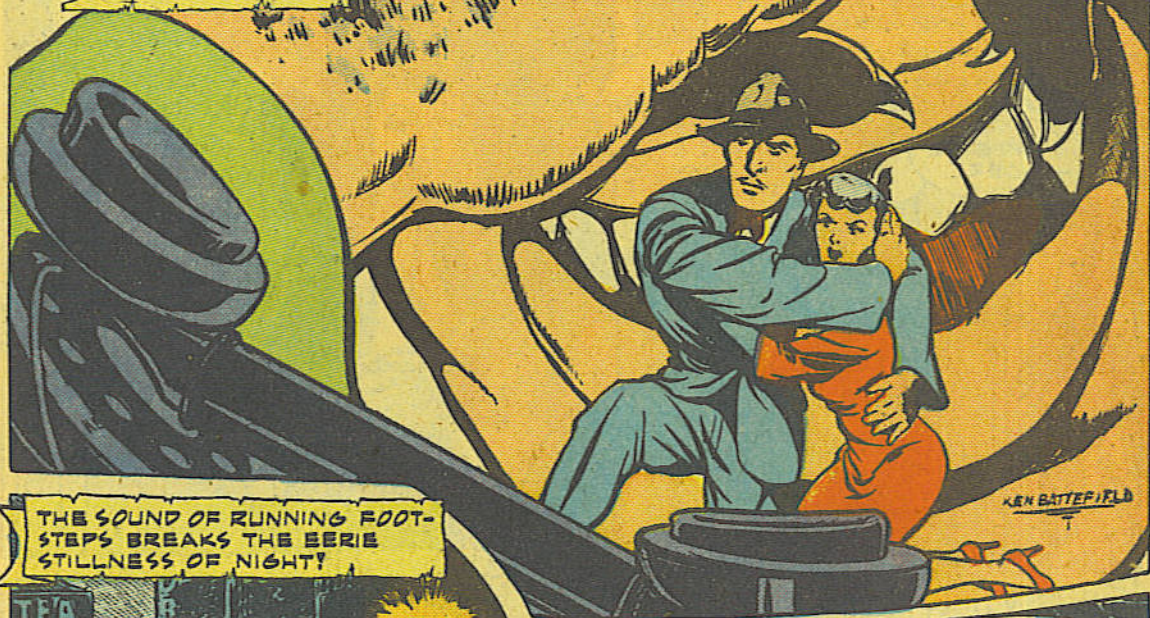




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

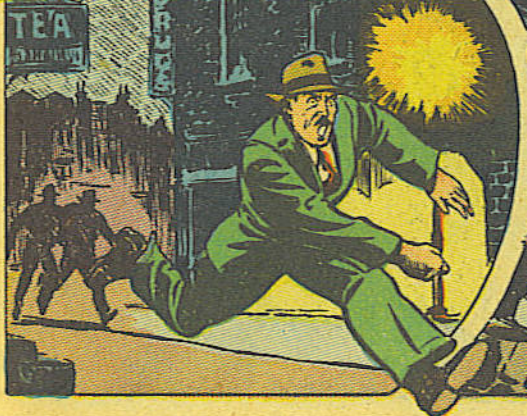
BERT AND SUE

TRUBLE IS THEIR MIDDLE NAME--AND THEY CAN CALL ACTION AND ADVENTURE BY THEIR FIRST NAMES -- BECAUSE THEY KNOW IT SO INTIMATELY! YES-- THAT'S BERT AND SUE, TWO AMATEUR DETECTIVES, WHO ARE ON THE DEATH LIST OF A PROFESSIONAL KILLER IN THEIR LATEST CASE OF--
MURDER BY PHONE!



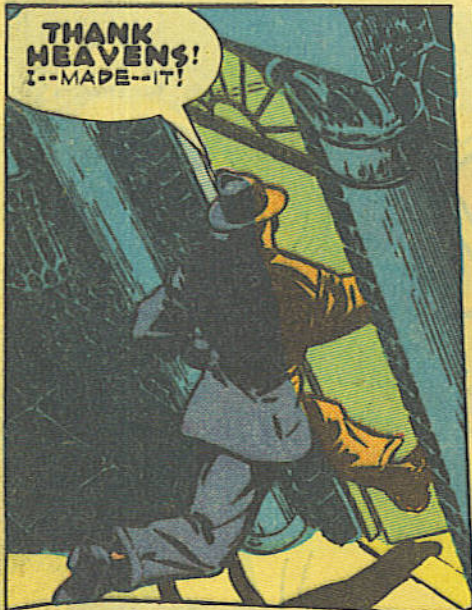
KEN BATTERFIELD

THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS BREAKS THE BERE STILLSNESS OF NIGHT!



(PHEE, PHEE) THEY'RE--STILL COMING! I--I MUST MAKE-- MY HOUSE! I--MUST--!

THANK
HEAVENS!
I--MADE--IT!



DAT'S IT! THE BOSS SAID
WE WUZ TO CHASE HIM
HOME AND SEE DAT HE
GETS THERE!

DAT WUZ
THE
ORDER!
NOW, LET'S
GO!



MEANWHILE...LET'S LOOK IN
ON BERT AND SUE...

I'M SO HUNGRY
I COULD CHEW
A RUG! WHEN
DO WE APPEASE
MR. HUNGER?

ANOTHER FEW MIN-
UTES, DARLING! THERE
GOES THE PHONE! AN-
SWER IT, BERT! I
HAVE TO SEE MY
CHICKEN!



NOTHING EVER
HAPPENS
ANYMORE--:

HELLO! WHO?
JACKSON?
WHAT IS IT,
OLD BOY?



BERT--I MUST
SEE YOU AT ONCE!
IT'S IMPORTANT--
TERRIBLY IMPORT-
ANT--!

I KNOW YOU
DISTRICT ATTORNEYS
THINK EVERYTHING
IS IMPORTANT, BUT
I'M ABOUT TO HAVE
DINNER-----!



AIEEEEEEE!



WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

IT'S JACKSON!
I HEARD HIM SCREAM--
AND THEN NOTHING!
I CAN'T SEEM TO
GET HIM! HELLO--
HELLO----

SOMETHING'S WRONG!
I BETTER GET OVER
AND SEE WHAT'S
WHAT! STAY
HERE!

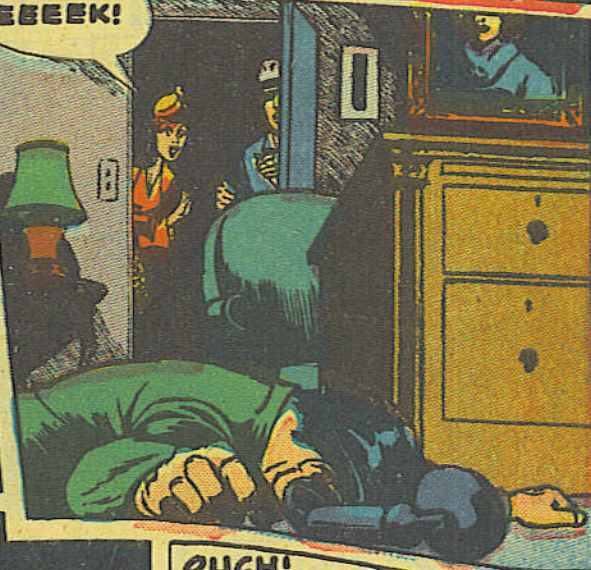
NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
I'M COMING! YOU
SPOILED MY
DINNER, ANYWAY!



JACKSON!
JACKSON!
HMMMM--NO
ANSWER!

IT'S TOO
QUIET, IF YOU
ASK ME!

EEEEK!



GREAT SCOTT!
HE'S--DEAD! MUST
HAVE HAD A HEART
ATTACK! CALL THE
POLICE, SUE!

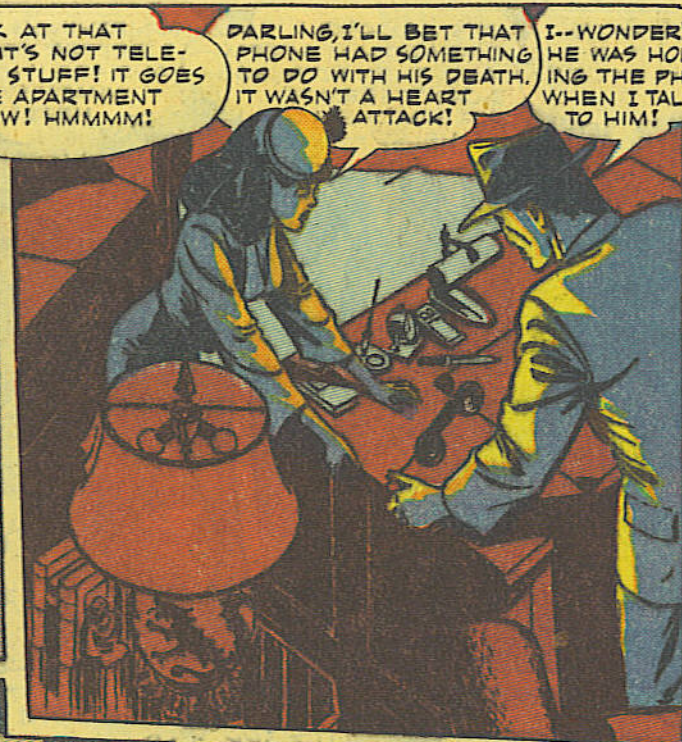
OUCH!
THAT PHONE--
IT'S RED
HOT!

WHAT?





LOOK AT THAT WIRE--IT'S NOT TELEPHONE STUFF! IT GOES TO THE APARTMENT BELOW! HMMMM!



DARLING, I'LL BET THAT PHONE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH HIS DEATH. IT WASN'T A HEART ATTACK!

I--WONDER! HE WAS HOLDING THE PHONE WHEN I TALKED TO HIM!



(GULP) BERT! LOOK--! THE DOORKNOB! IT'S--TURNING!

SHHHH--NOT A SOUND! GET BEHIND THE DOOR! QUICK!



REEEEEEK!

WHAT TH---!

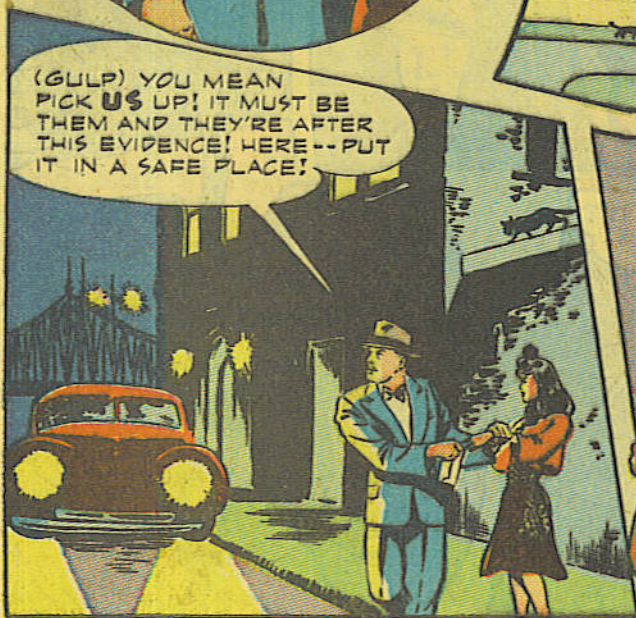
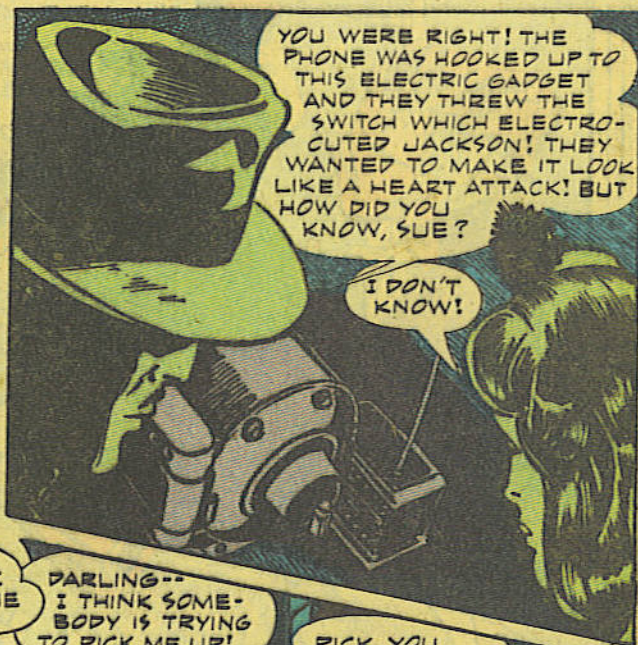


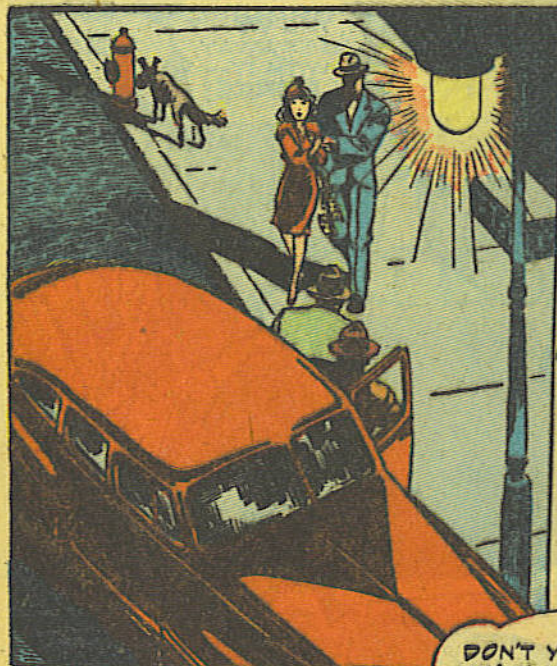
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING--LIKE THIS?

SMACK

GET HIM, BERT!







I THINK THIS IS
WHERE I LEFT
OFF!

YOU LET US
ALONE!

OUCH!



DON'T YOU PUSH
ME! I'M NOT AFRAID
OF YOU!

GET IN THAT CAR
BEFORE I BLAST YUH!



DON'T TRY ANY
TRICKS AND YOU
WON'T GET HURT!
TAKE 'EM TO THE
PENTHOUSE, NEEDLES!

OH! THE
BIG SHOT!
ARE YOU
GOING
TO A
MASQUER
APE PARTY?

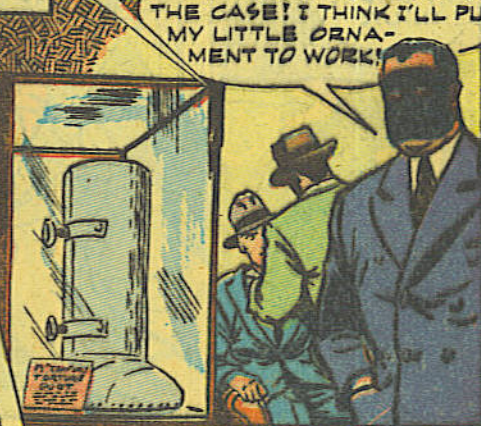


NOTHING
ON HIM,
BOSS!

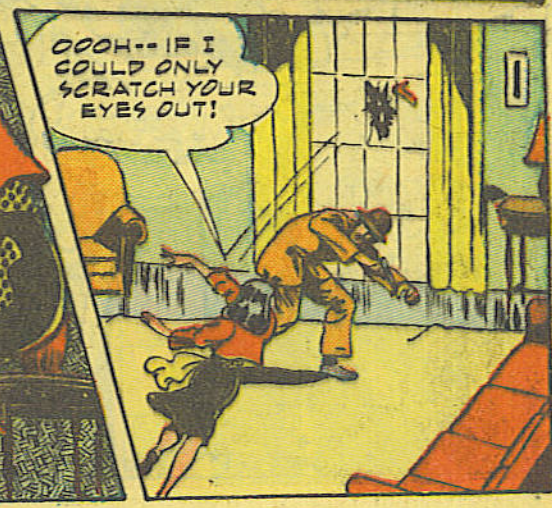
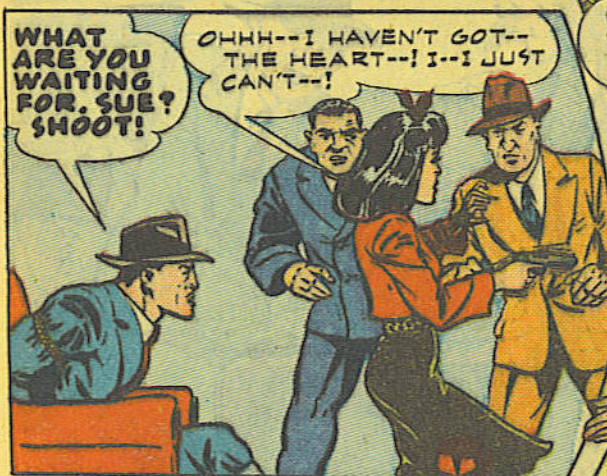
EVIDENTLY HE NEEDS
SOME PERSUASION
TO TALK! BLACKIE, GET
THAT IRON BOOT OUT OF
THE CASE! I THINK I'LL PUT
MY LITTLE ORNA-
MENT TO WORK!

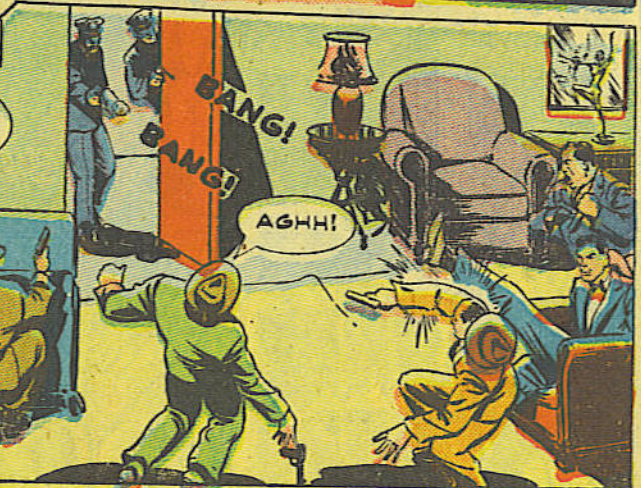
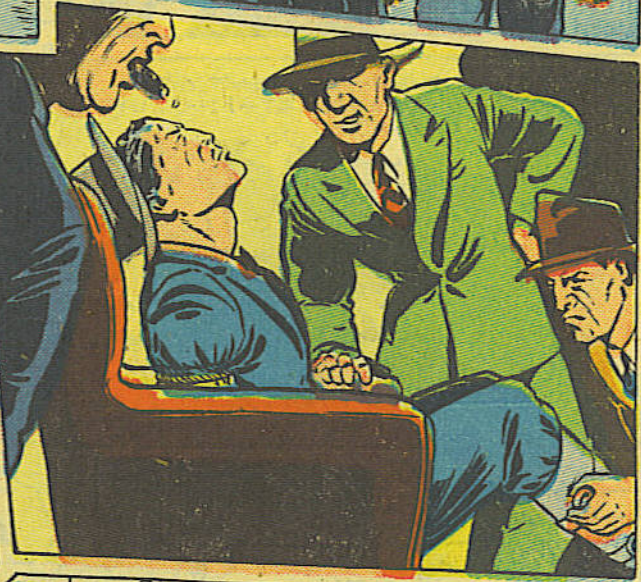
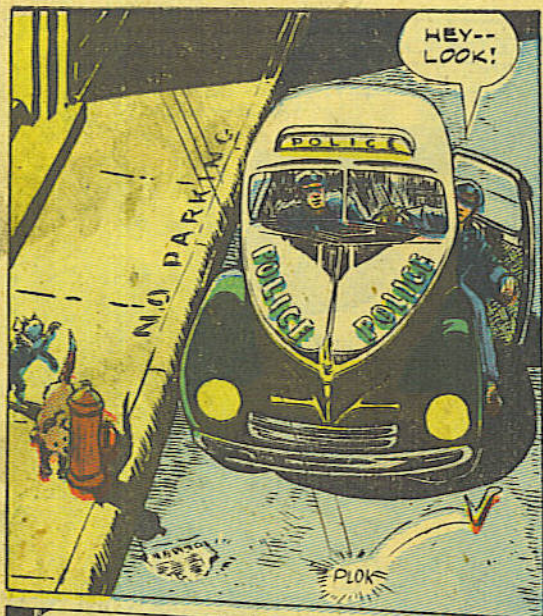
MY STUPID HIRELINGS
WEREN'T ABLE TO GET
THE PAPERS I WANT--
BUT YOU CAN GIVE
THEM TO ME NOW!

I'M
IN NO MOOD FOR
RIDDLES! WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?











WE GOT AN EARFUL OF SOME OF THIS WHILE LISTENING OUTSIDE! WHAT'S BEEN COOKING HERE!

THAT NASTY LOOKING CHARACTER IS BURKE-- COMMISSIONER OF LICENSES! HE JUST KILLED JACKSON, THE D.A. YOU GOT MURDER ON YOUR HANDS!

POLICE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE AS BERT MAKES A QUICK EXPLANATION!

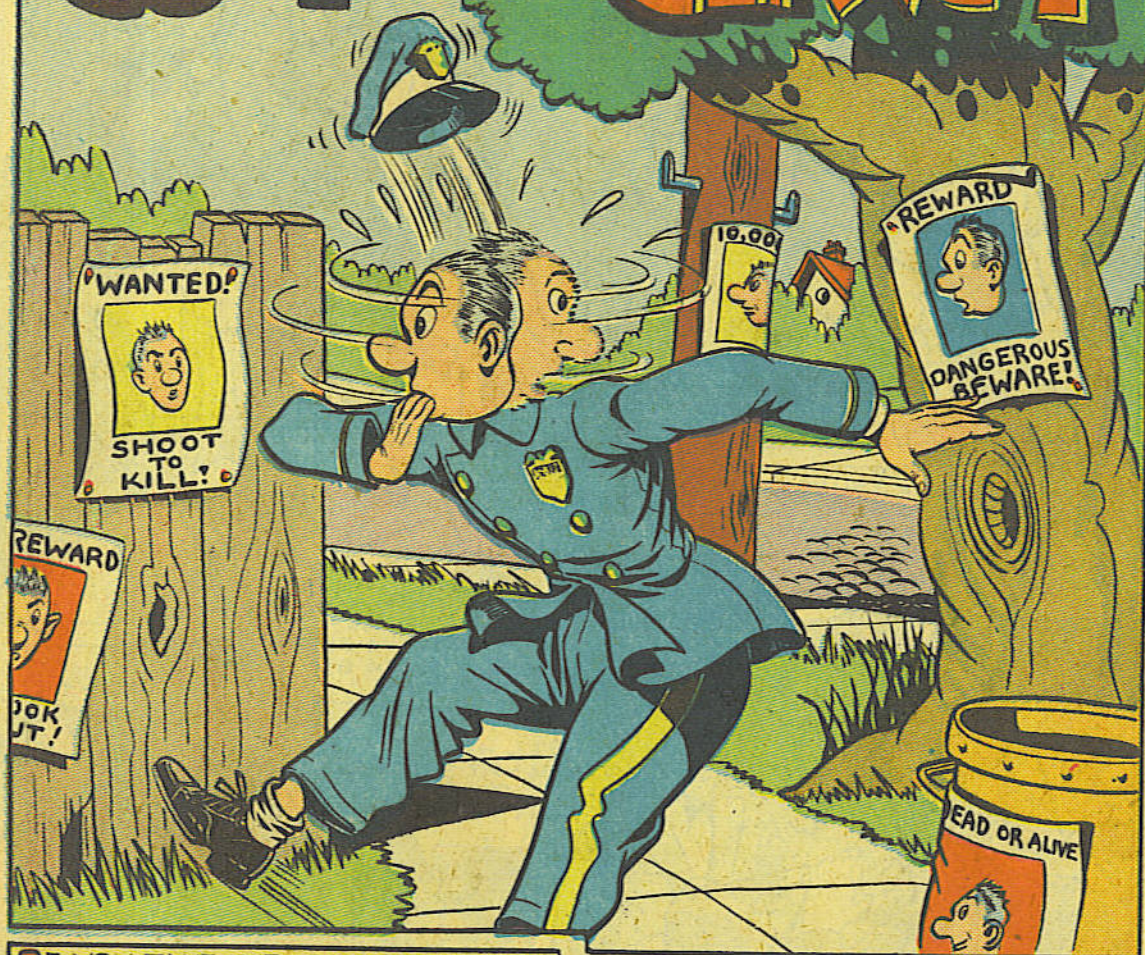


WE'LL HANDLE THEM NOW, BERT! HOW DOES THE FOOT FEEL?

I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE A SORE TOE! ANSWER THAT PHONE, SUB!



COPPER CLANCY

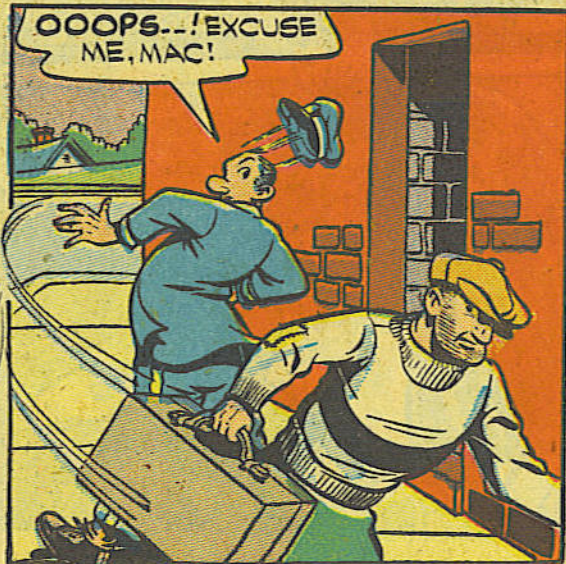


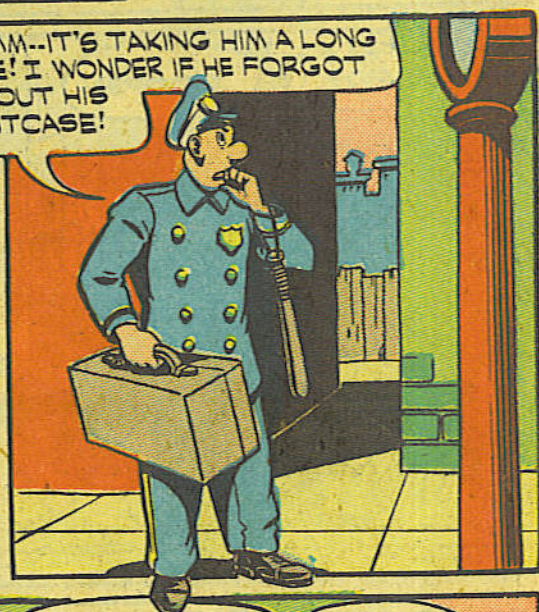
IF YOU TAKE THE TRAIN OUT TO THE LAST STOP, THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND CLANCY WALKING HIS BEAT...

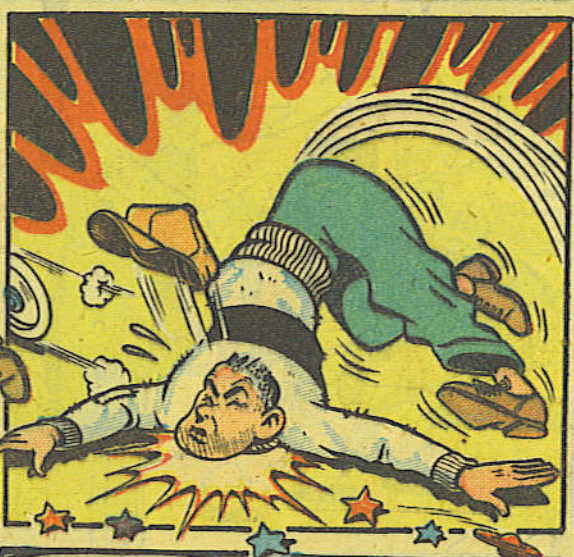
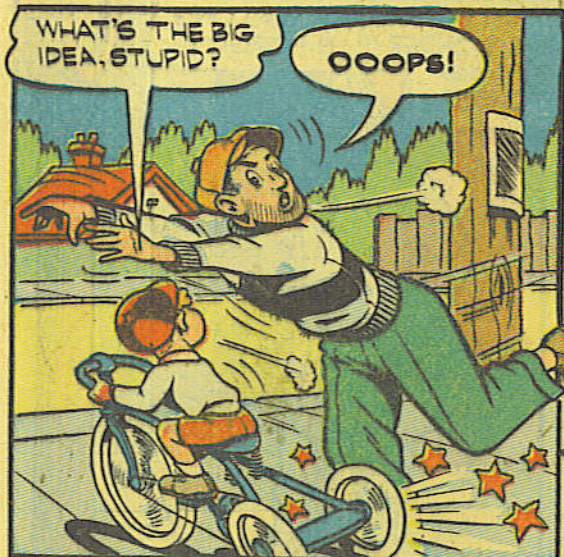
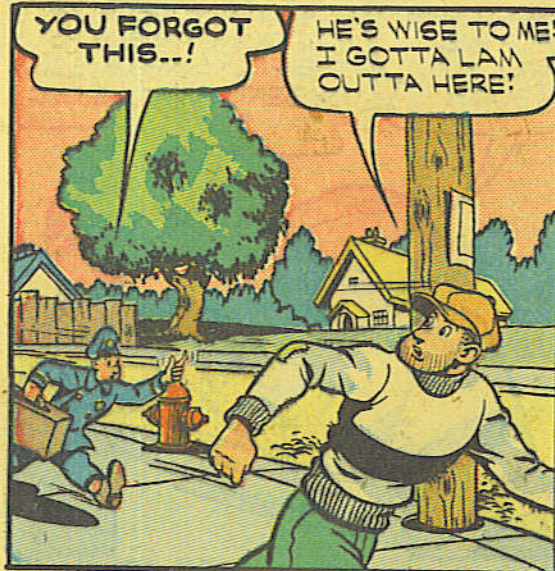
GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE... FINE BEAT THEY GIVE ME! HOW DO THEY EXPECT ME TO SMASH THE UNDERWORLD WAY OUT HERE! IF I ONLY HAD A CHANCE TO SHOW...



OOOPS...! EXCUSE ME, MAC!







LOOK--HE GOT THE
STOLEN JEWELS, TOO!
ME HAT'S OFF TO
YOU, CLANCY!

WAIT'LL THE SARGE
HEARS THAT HE
CAUGHT **ROCKS**
BOX!

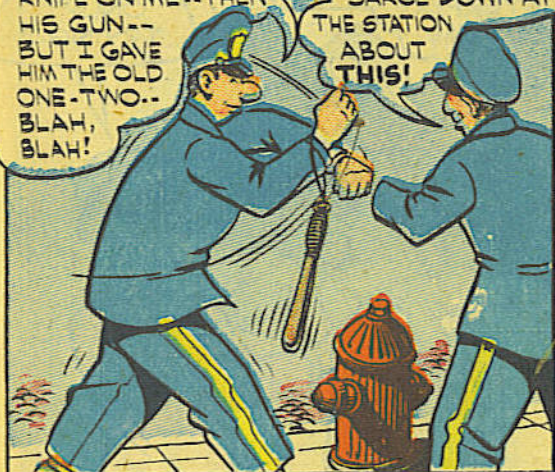
H-HE'S--ROCKS..
...GULP..

WHAT A FIGHT YOU
MUST'VE PUT UP,
CLANCY!



YEAH--YOU SHOULD
SEEN IT! HE PULLED A
KNIFE ON ME--THEN
HIS GUN--
BUT I GAVE
HIM THE OLD
ONE-TWO--
BLAH,
BLAH!

C'MON--WE
GOTTA TELL THE
SARGE DOWN AT
THE STATION
ABOUT
THIS!



I HAD YOU ALL WRONG,
CLANCY! YOU SURE PROVED
YOURSELF! I PHONED THE
INSPECTOR, AND YOU'RE
BEING
TRANSFERRED
DOWNTOWN!

HMM--I GUESS
THEY NEED ME
TO SMASH A
COUPLA
CRIME
WAVES!



THE NEXT DAY.. CLANCY GETS HIS REWARD..

I'M DETAILING YOU TO
THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.
CLANCY! KEEP YOUR NOSE
CLEAN AND YOU'LL GO
PLACES!

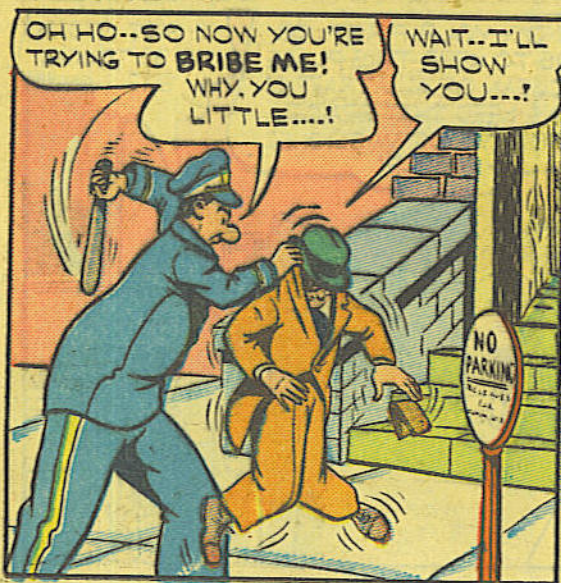
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO WORRY ABOUT
A THING WITH
CLANCY ON THE
JOB!



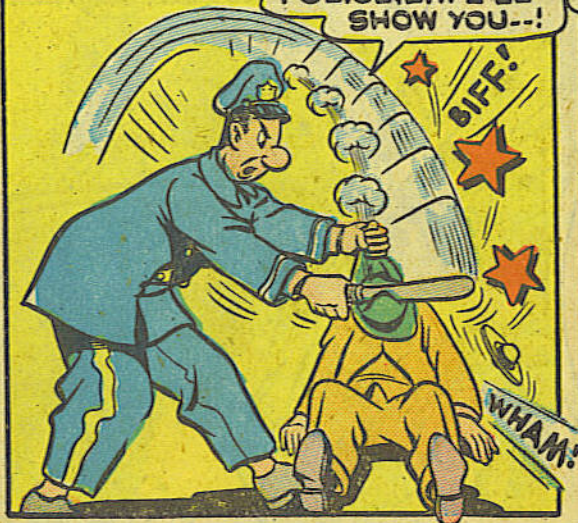
NOW YOUR FIRST JOB
IS TO KEEP THIS PLACE
CLEAN OF ALL TRAFFIC!
WE NEED THAT SPACE
FOR THE COMMISSIONER
HIMSELF!

I GET IT! I'M
TO BE TOUGH,
EH?

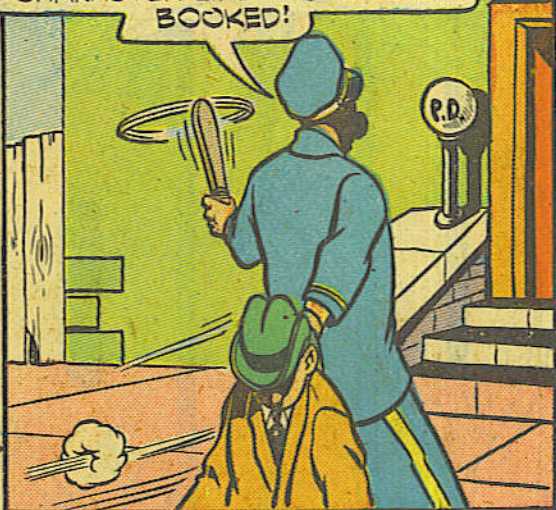




TRYING TO GET TOUGH WITH THE POLICE, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU--!



C'MON--I'M TAKING A DANGEROUS CHARACTER LIKE YOU IN TO BE BOOKED!



WHAT HAPPENED!?

HE DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS DEALING WITH CLANCY HIMSELF! WAIT'LL I READ THE CHARGES TO YOU!



...ABUSING AN OFFICER..RESISTING ARREST..BRIBERY..DISTURBING THE PEACE..AND REACHING FOR DANGEROUS WEAPON! HOW'S THAT, SARGE!? I'D LIKE TO TELL THE COMMISSIONER ABOUT THIS CASE MYSELF!



START TALKING, YOU FAT HEAD! THAT'S THE COMMISSIONER!

HUH!?



GEE--HOW DID I KNOW! SOME COMMISSIONERS IS SO UNREASONABLE!



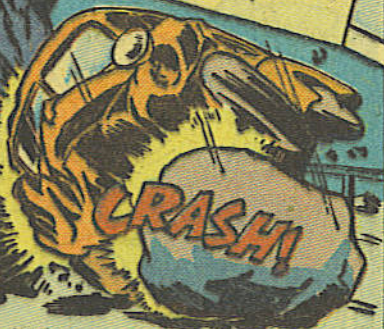
UNO



THE UNITED NATIONS WAS FOUNDED ON THE PREMISE THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE WORLD... BUT THERE ARE ELEMENTS LEFT WHO WOULD DIVIDE THE WORLD FOR ANOTHER CHANCE TO CONQUER IT. YES--CONQUER AND ENSLAVE ANYTHING THAT STANDS IN ITS WAY... INCLUDING UNO WHO HAS BEEN SELECTED AS TARGET FOR TONIGHT!

AIEE!
LOOK
OU...!

IT ALL BEGAN IN THE BALKAN COUNTRY OF ARGUAY... AS THE FOREIGN MINISTER SPEEDS TO THE AIRPORT WHERE A PLANE WAITS TO TAKE HIM TO A UNITED NATIONS MEETING...



ARM
BATTERED



GET INTO HIS CLOTHES AND TAKE HIS PAPERS! YOU LOOK ENOUGH LIKE HIM SO THAT NO ONE WILL SUSPECT! HURRY...YOU MUST CATCH THE PLANE!

AT ONCE, SIR!



GOOD...! EVEN I COULD BE FOOLED! YOU HAVE BEEN TRAINED IN HIS ROLE AND IT IS UP TO YOU NOW! GET IN THE CAR!

I WILL NOT FAIL!

ARGUAY IS BRINGING THE CASE AGAINST BALKA TO THE UNITED NATIONS AND IT WILL BE YOUR JOB TO KILL THE BALKA REPRESENTATIVE!

I UNDERSTAND! IT WILL BE A BOMBHELL! UNITED STATES WILL INTERVENE FOR ARGUAY AND RUSSIA FOR BALKA...

EXACTLY! IF WE CAN SPLIT THOSE TWO...IT MAY MEAN WAR!



AND WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND UNITED STATES WILL GIVE THE FATHERLAND ANOTHER CHANCE! THAT'S ALL WE NEED... ONE MORE CHANCE!

GOOD...HE IS NOT BEING STOPPED! THE FIRST STEP IS DONE WITH! IS TONIA ON THE PLANE?

YES...SHE HAS THE SEAT NEXT TO HIM! TONIA WILL SEE THAT HE CARRIES OUT HIS MISSION!



WE WILL BE IN AMERICA IN EIGHT HOURS! THE BEST PLACE TO KILL THE BALKA REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE AT THE RECEPTION PARTY FOR THE DELEGATES!

I UNDER-
STAND!

THERE IS ONE WE MUST WATCH FOR... UNO! HE HAS SPOILED OUR PLANS BEFORE... AND HE MUST NOT DO SO THIS TIME!

WE WILL NOT FAIL!

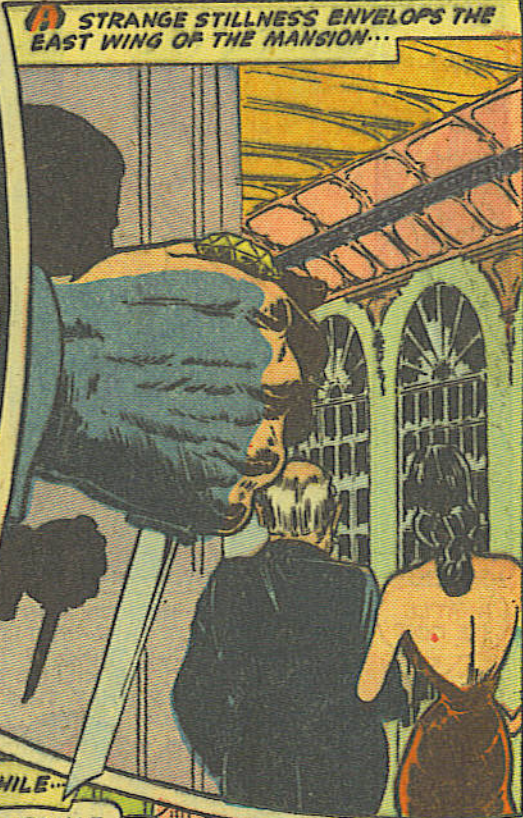
THE FOLLOWING DAY--A RECEPTION IS GIVEN FOR THE NEWLY ARRIVED DELEGATES...

THERE IS PIKOFF THE BALKA DELEGATE...! I WILL MANEUVER HIM INTO A ROOM IN THE EAST WING! YOU MUST WORK FAST!

OF COURSE YOU COULD NOT REMEMBER! BUT IT WAS AT PARIS THAT WE FIRST MET... MANY YEARS BEFORE THE WAR!

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND HOW I COULD FORGET ONE LIKE YOURSELF...!

A STRANGE STILLNESS ENVELOPS THE EAST WING OF THE MANSION...

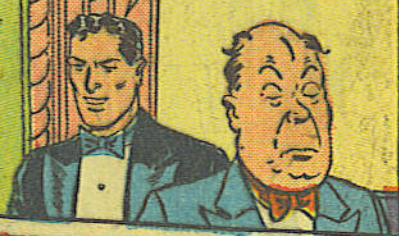


MEANWHILE...



UNO...! ON BEHALF OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU AND YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME, BUT...!

I KNOW, CARSON...BUT WHERE I SHOW MY FACE IT USUALLY MEANS TROUBLE...IS THAT IT?



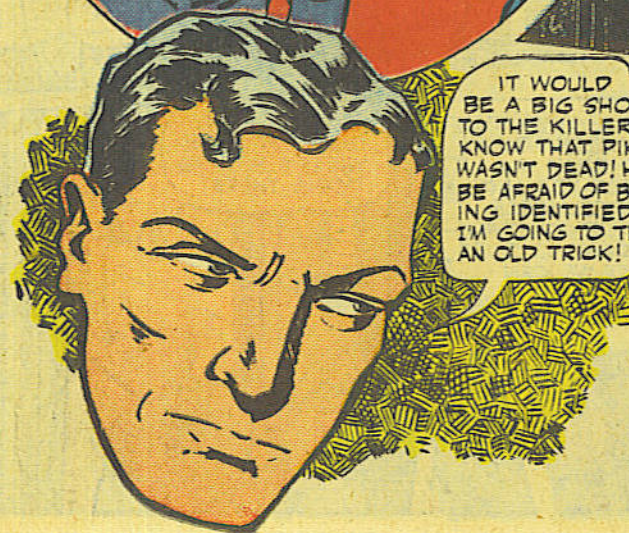
YES...I GUESS THAT'S IT! WHAT'S UP?

WELL...THIS SITUATION BETWEEN ARGUAY AND BALKIA IS A POWDER KEG AND OUR INTELLIGENCE PICKED UP SOMETHING...! IS THERE SOME QUIET PLACE WE CAN TALK?

YES...LET'S TRY THE EAST WING! THERE'S NOTHING DOING THERE!

LEAD THE WAY!





YOU CLUMSY FOOL!
YOU BUNGLED THE
JOB! HE'S STILL
ALIVE! HE'LL BE
ABLE TO IDENTIFY
US!

B-BUT I WAS
SURE...! WHAT
SHALL WE
DO?

KEEP QUIET!
OUR PLANS MUST
BE CHANGED!
COME...WE MUST
TELL VON KROTCH!

THERE'S MY MEAT...!
THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE NEWS
AND ARE RUNNING FOR
COVER! BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE
THE FOREIGN MINISTER
OF ARGUAY...!

THEY THINK THEY
BUNGLED AND ARE
GOING TO REPORT TO
SOMEONE! I'M FOLLOW-
ING...! THERE'S MORE
TO THIS THAN MEETS
THE EYE!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

LOOKS LIKE THE END
OF THE LINE! I THINK I'LL
WALK FROM HERE ON IN!

SO FAR SO GOOD
...! OH, OH... VOICES
FROM BEHIND THE
DOOR! TIME TO
TUNE IN!

...STUPID,
IRRESPONSIBLE
BUNGLERS! WHY
DIDN'T YOU
MAKE SURE!?



IF HE LIVES LONG ENOUGH TO TALK, THEY CAN TRACE IT TO YOU! ALL THE CONTACTS YOU MADE WILL BE WORTHLESS! THE DRAGNET WILL BE OUT AND WE CAN ALL BE PICKED UP! **IDIOTS!**



SOONER OR LATER, THEY'RE BOUND TO FIND OUT THE FOREIGN MINISTER WAS KILLED! THEY'LL KNOW THIS FOOL IS AN IMPOSTER...!

SO THAT'S IT ...! WHAT WAS THAT?



NO YOU DON'T, SNEAKY!

UGH!!!

BANG!

BANG!
BANG!



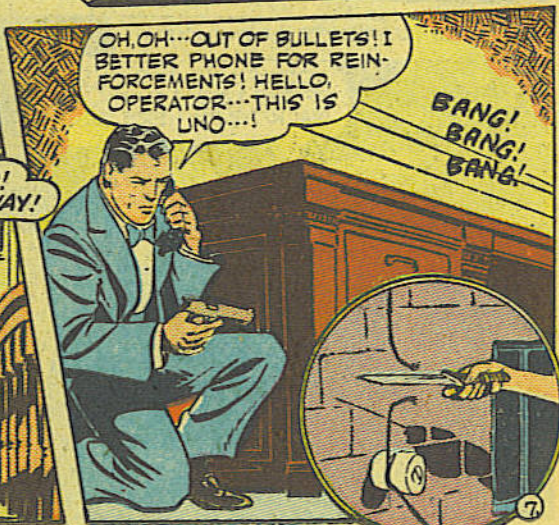
GET HIM! IT'S UNO!

AHHH... SOME MORE GUESTS FOR THE PARTY!



LONG TIME NO SEE, VON KROTCH! IT'S A FUNNY WAY TO GREET AN OLD FRIEND!

KILL HIM, YOU FOOLS! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



OH, OH... OUT OF BULLETS! I BETTER PHONE FOR REINFORCEMENTS! HELLO, OPERATOR... THIS IS UNO...!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



WELL...I CAN STILL USE MY FISTS FOR AMMUNITION!

WHAM!



GOT HIM!

CRACK!



IT IS UNO! HE MUST HAVE HEARD EVERYTHING!

NO MATTER! HE WON'T LIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT!



TAKE THE DOG DOWN TO THE FURNACE ROOM! A CREMATED BODY IS HARD TO FIND!

WE WILL BURN HIM, YES?



PUT HIM INSIDE AND LIGHT UP THE FURNACE!



WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

WHAT'S THAT?

A POLICE SIREN! THE COPS ARE HERE! HIS TELEPHONE MESSAGE MUST HAVE GOT THROUGH!

EVERYBODY...UPSTAIRS! LEAVE UNO HERE! USE THE CREDENTIALS OF THE FOREIGN MINISTER TO STALL THEM OFF! HURRY! TREAT IT LIKE A JOKE!



I'M SURE THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! THIS IS THE ARGUAYAN FOREIGN MINISTER!

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, GENTLEMEN?



THE OPERATOR SAID A CALL FOR HELP CAME FROM A PARTY KNOWN AS UNO! IT CAME FROM THIS ADDRESS...

HA, HA, HA! EXCUSE ME... BUT IT SOUNDS SO FUNNY!

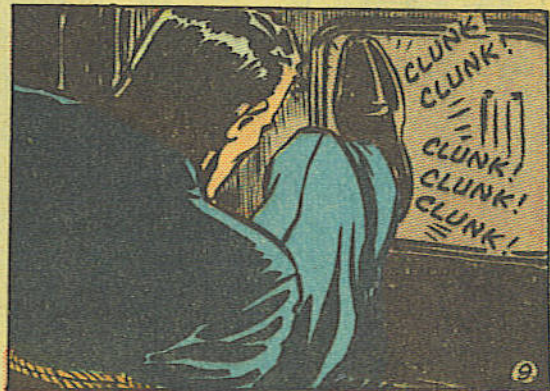
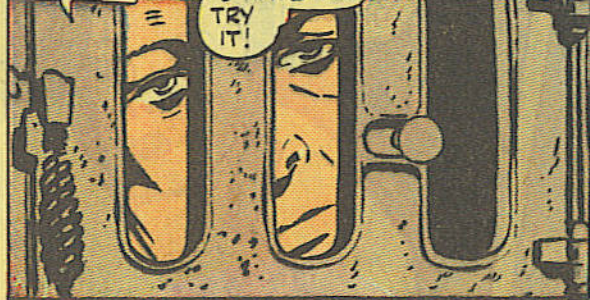
THE OPERATOR MUST HAVE BEEN SEEING TOO MANY OF YOUR AMERICAN MOVIES! HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS...

Meanwhile... IN THE FURNACE...

MUST... GET OUT... OF HERE! NO USE... THE ROPES ARE TIED... TOO WELL!



THIS THING LEADS TO THE RADIATORS UPSTAIRS! MAYBE I CAN KICK OUT A MESSAGE IN MORSE CODE...! I HAVE TO TRY IT!



LET'S GO, BOYS!
SORRY TO HAVE
BOtherED YOU
PEOPLE!

WAIT A MINUTE!
LISTEN...WHAT'S
THAT COMING
FROM THE
RADIATOR!
SOUNDS LIKE
MORSE CODE!

I KNOW MORSE
CODE...AND
THAT'S IT!
WAIT...IT SAYS
...**U-N-O**...
F-U-R-N-A-C-E
...**I-M-P-O-S-T-E-R-S**...
U-N-O...IMPOSTERS
...FURNACE...!

CLUNK!
CLUNK!
CLUNK!

CLUNK
CLUNK-CLUNK
CLUNK

SHOOT...!

WATCH
IT! BLAST
'EM!

BANG!
BANG!

DON'T SHOOT...!
WAIT!

KEEP 'EM UP!
CHARLIE...RUN
DOWN TO THE
FURNACE AND
SEE WHAT'S
COOKING...AND
I HOPE IT'S
NOT UNO!

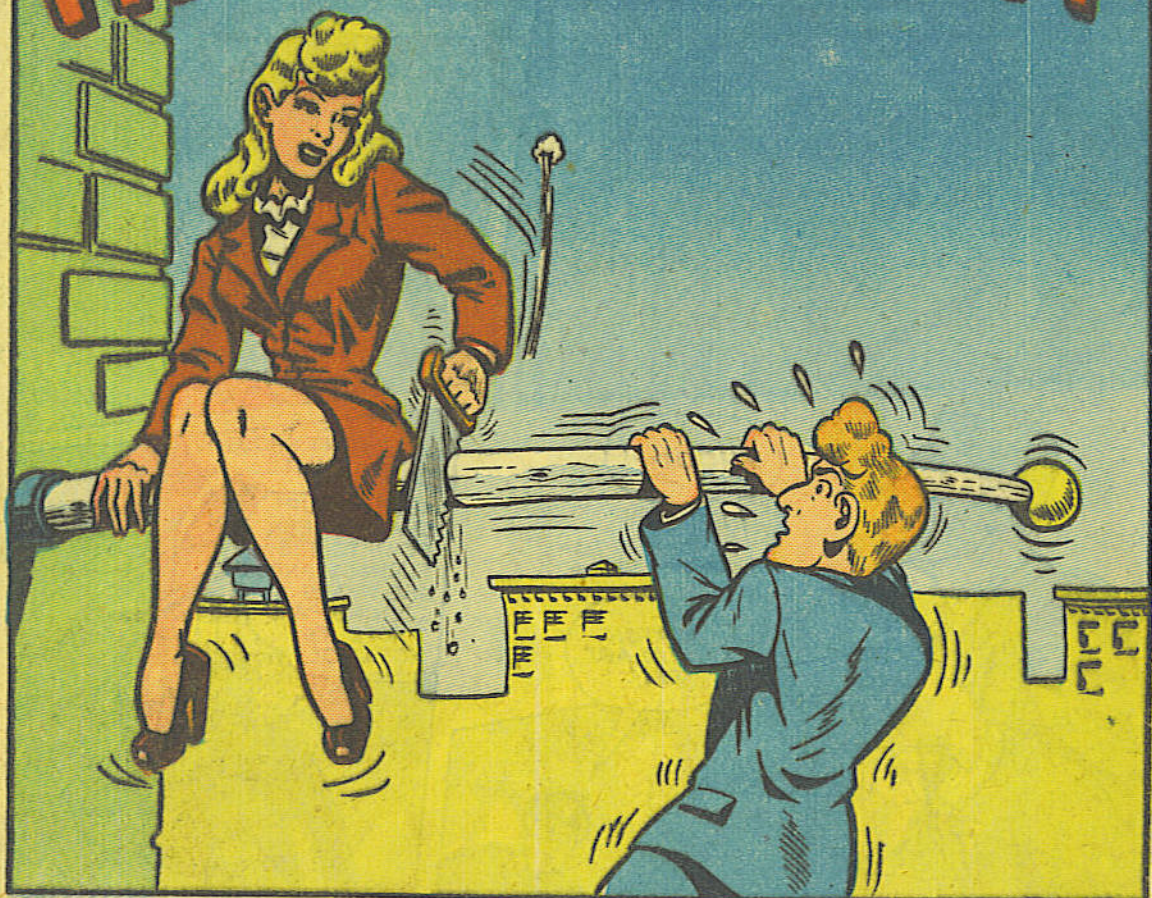
**LATER...AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS...**

THANK GOD SOMEBODY UNDER-
STOOD MORSE CODE! OUR
LITTLE PLAYMATES ALMOST
HAD ME! THAT'S A LITTLE
GANG WE'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR! THEY'VE BEEN
COMMITTING MURDER
WHOLESALE!

UNO... YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT A MAGNIFI-
CENT JOB YOU DID! YOU
SAVED THE UNITED
NATIONS FROM BEING
EMBROILED BY THE
CONNING OF A FEW
WHO JUST DON'T
KNOW WHEN
THEY'RE
THROUGH!

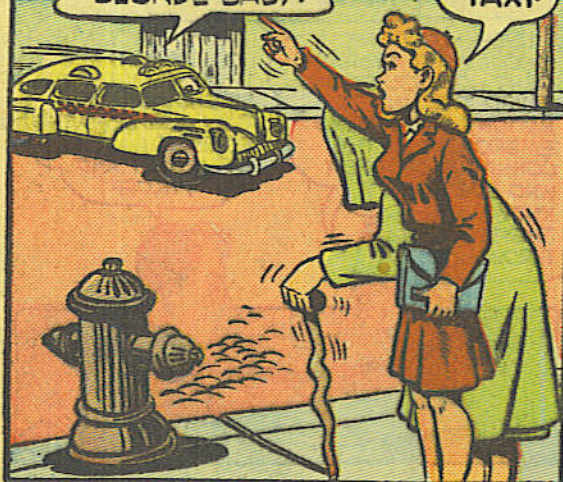
THAT'S PART OF MY
JOB, CARSON! SEE
THAT YOU KEEP MY
FRIENDS ON ICE!
THEY MURDERED THE
FOREIGN MINISTER
OF ARGUAY AND
PIKOFF!

HARRY THE HACK



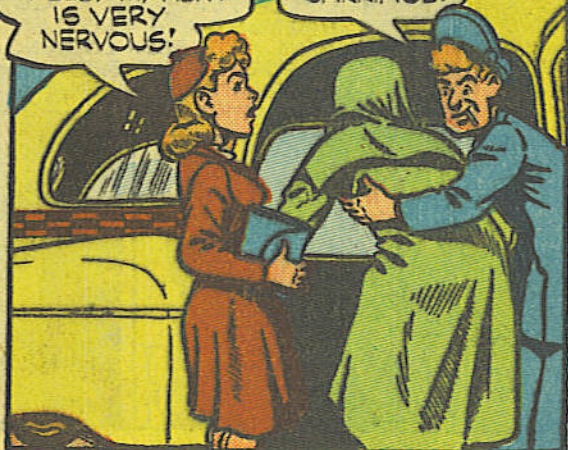
AHHHH--MY FIRST PICK-UP
TODAY! NOT A BAD LOOKING
BLONDE BABY!

TAXI!

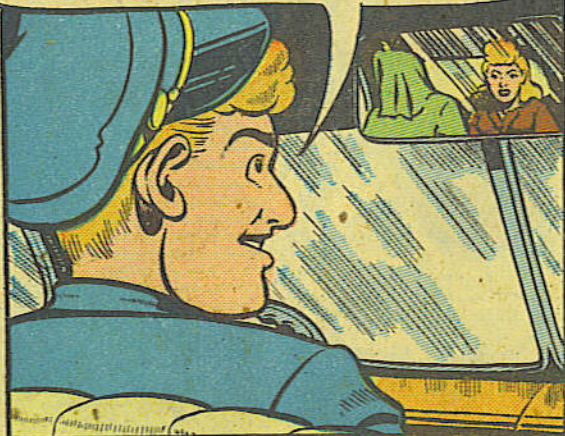


TAKE US TO THE
RENO APARTMENTS
AND DRIVE CARE-
FULLY! MY AUNT
IS VERY
NERVOUS!

DON'T WORRY, MISS
---YOU'LL THINK YER
IN A BABY
CARRIAGE!



NICE DAY, AIN'T IT? THE PAPERS SAID RAIN BUT MY CORNS KNOW DIFFERENT! I'LL PUT SOME MUSIC ON! IT'LL MAKE YER AUNT FEEL BETTER!



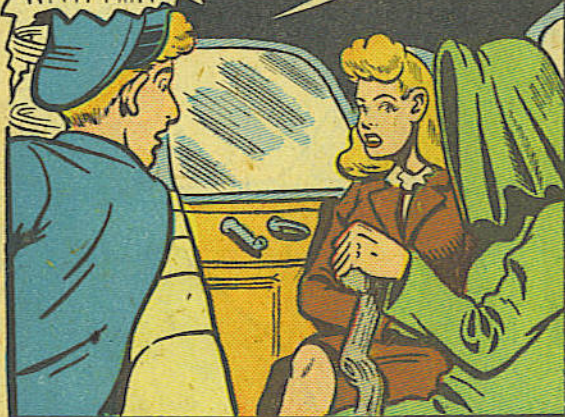
THE POLICE ARE STILL BAFFLED AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF KILLER KOREY WHO BROKE OUT OF JAIL TWO DAYS AGO! THE POLICE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THE KILLER IS DISGUISED AS AN OLD LADY--!

TCH, TCH!



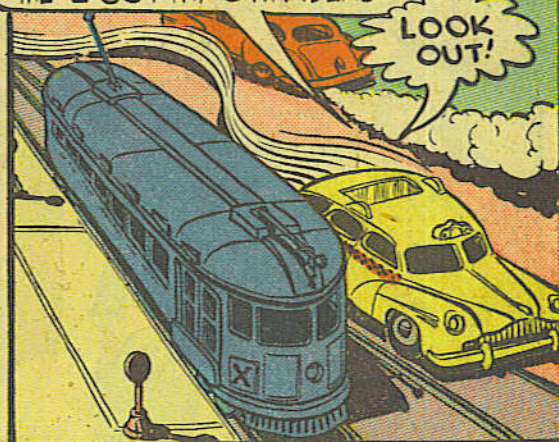
...AND WAS LAST SEEN WITH HIS BLONDE GUN MOLL WHO IS WITH HIM!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? AIN'T THAT A SHAME?



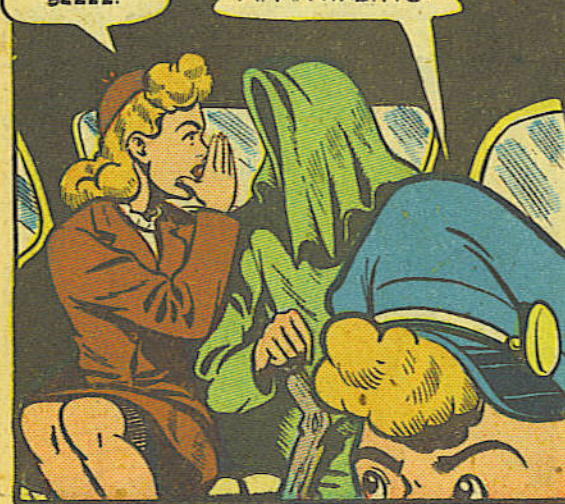
THE COPS AIN'T VERY EFFICIENT NOWADAYS! IF I SAW THAT KILLER AND HIS BLONDE MOLL, THEY COULDN'T FOOL ME! I GOT MY OWN IDEAS....!

LOOK OUT!



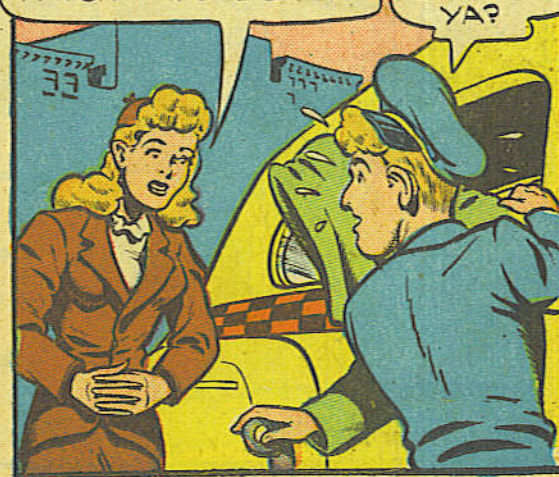
822222
822222!

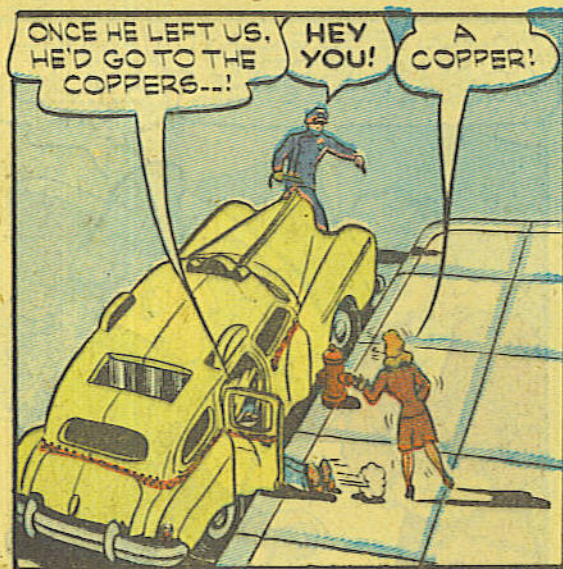
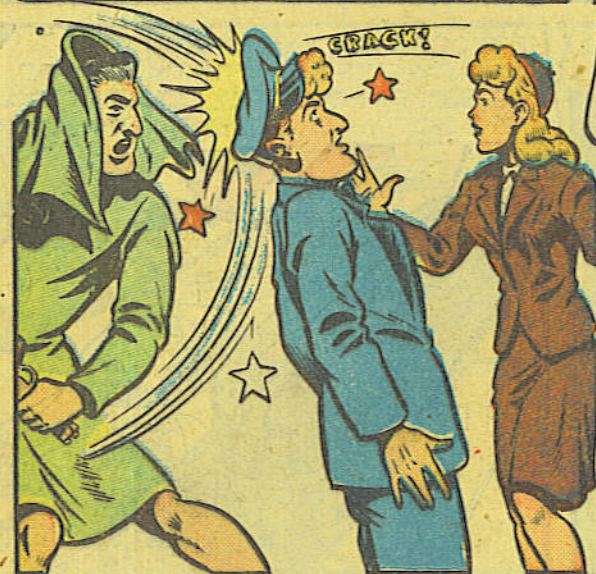
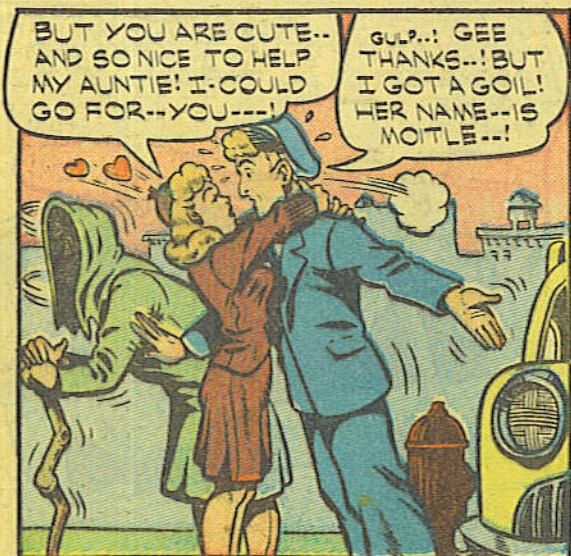
HERE'S THE RENO APARTMENTS!



MY..YOU'RE SO GALLANT! YOU REMIND ME OF MY FAVORITE MOVIE STAR!

AWWWW-- CUT IT OUT, WILL YA?





YOU SEE, I GOT A SICK PASSENGER, AND I'M TAKING HIM TO THE DOCTOR! GIVE ME A BREAK, WILL YOU?

HMMM...HE DOES LOOK KIND OF SICK!



ALL RIGHT...I'LL OVERLOOK IT THIS TIME! GET GOING!

THANK YOU, OFFICER!



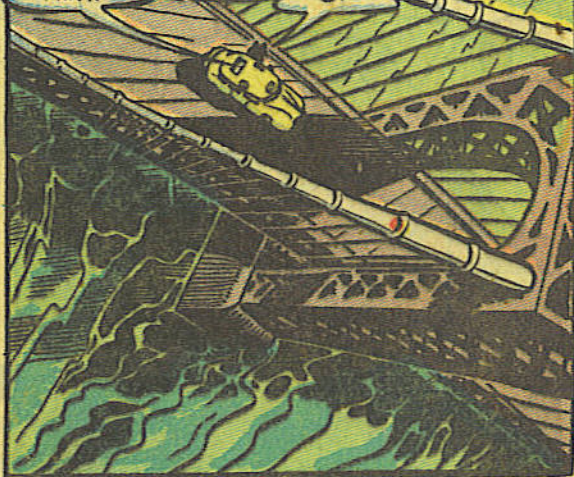
DRIVE TO THE STETSOON BRIDGE! I GOING TO TOSS THIS MONKEY IN THE RIVER AND MAKE SURE HE DON'T TALK!

THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE, KILLER! YER RIGHT...WE GOTTA DUMP HIM!



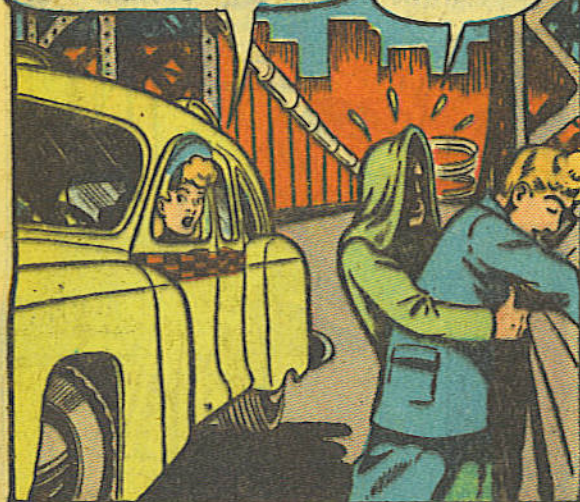
CAN YOU HANDLE HIM?

YEAH...KEEP YER EYES PEELED, IN CASE SOMEBODY SHOWS UP!



WAIT! HERE COMES ANOTHER FLATFOOT!

WHA...!?



WHAT'S A MATTER?

ONE OF MY PASSENGERS SUDDENLY GOT AN ATTACK! WE THOUGHT THE FRESH AIR MIGHT HELP HIM!



WANT ME
TO HELP?

NO, THANKS...WE'LL TAKE
HIM HOME! HE'S GOING TO
BE ALL RIGHT!

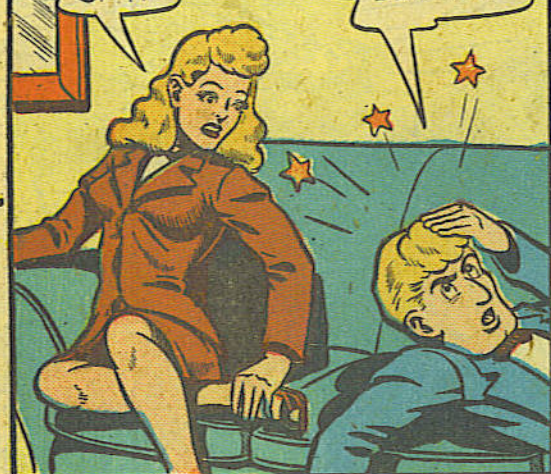


TAKE HIM TO THE PENT HOUSE, SILK! I'LL
DECIDE WHAT TO DO WHEN WE GET HIM
THERE!



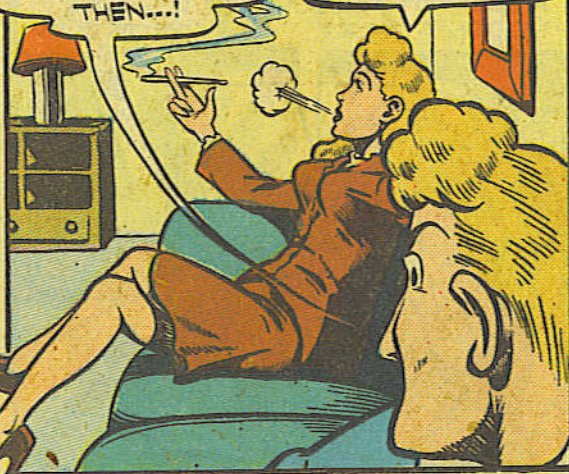
WELL, WELL...BRIGHT
BOY IS COMING OUT
OF IT!

OH!!!...WHERE
AM I? MY...
BEAN...!



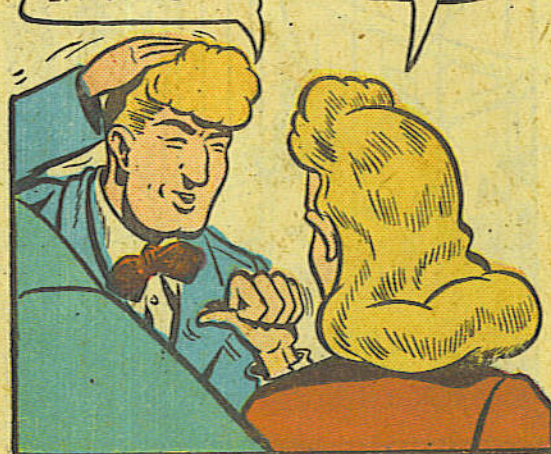
WH...WHAT HAPPENED?
I--REMEMBER YER
KISSING ME AND
THEN...!

THAT'S WHAT MY
KISSES DO TO
PEOPLE, SONNY!



THANK YOUSE FOR
TAKING CARE OF ME!
HOW IS YOUR SWEET
LITTLE AUNT?

AUNTIE IS BACK
THERE! TAKE A
LOOK!

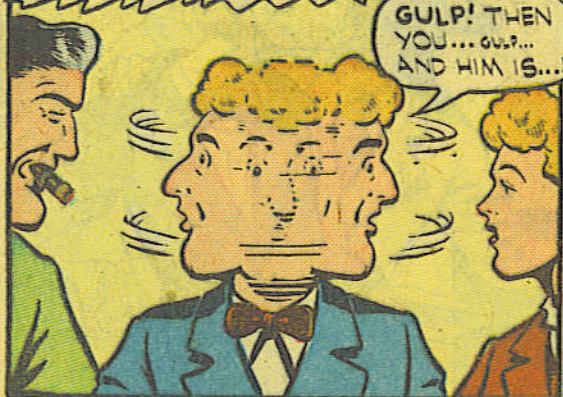


STAY TUNED FOR
THE LATEST NEWS...!

HUH? BUT SHE'S
A HIM!



...THE POLICE ARE COMBING THE CITY FOR KILLER KOREY AND HIS GUN MOLL! LAST REPORTS HAD IT THAT KILLER WAS DISGUISED AS AN ELDERLY WOMAN AND SEEN WITH HIS GIRL KNOWN AS SILK...



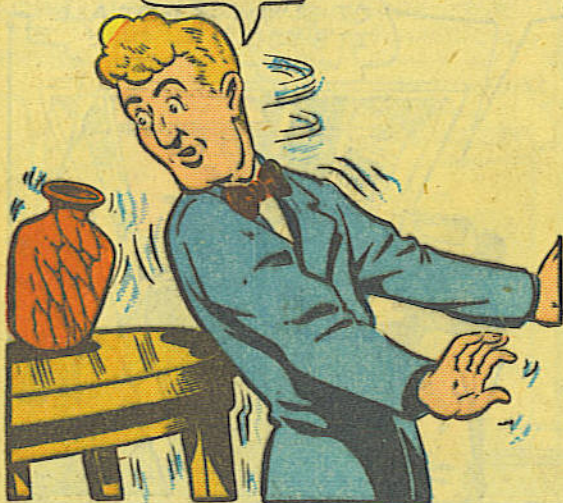
A TINHORN THUG WHO POLICE BELIEVE TO BE ONE OF KILLER'S GANG HAS BEEN PICKED UP...

BLAST IT.. THEY GOT SLIPPEY!

EXCUSE ME.. I GOTTA SEE SOMEBODY..!

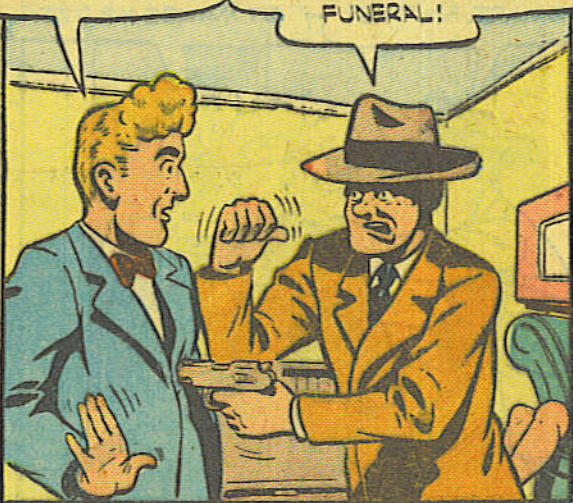


OOOOOPS! EXCUSE ME...!



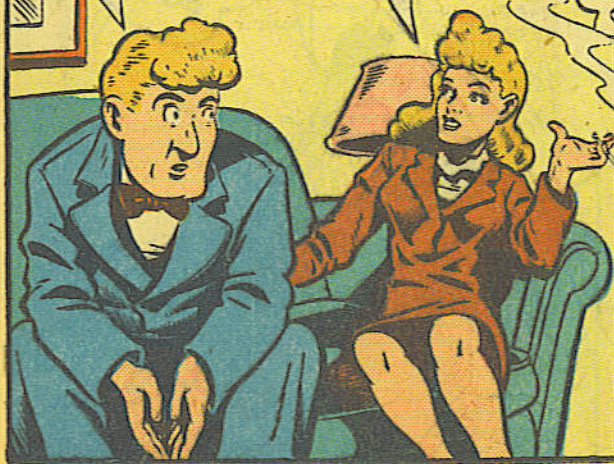
BUT..I GOTTA GO...! HONEST..!

SIT DOWN! DE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE GOING IS TOYER FUNERAL!



THAT WASN'T VERY NICE TO FOOL ME THAT WAY!

YEAHHH--I'M JUST A BAAAAAD GIRL!



DEY'LL GET SLIPPEY TO SING! WE GOT TO LAM OUT OF HERE!

RIGHT, BOSS! HOW ABOUT BRIGHT BOY? WHAT ARE YUH GOING TO DO WITH THAT EXCESS BAGGAGE!



TOSS HIM OUTTA
THE WINDOW! IT'LL
MAKE ENOUGH OF A
COMMOTION TO
HELP US GET OUT
OF HERE WITHOUT
BEING SEEN!

TCH.TCH--SO LONG,
SONNY! YOU WON'T
FEEL ANYTHING
AFTER THE FIRST
BOUNCE!



C'MON, BRIGHT
BOY!

B-BUT YOU CAN'T! I'LL
BE KILT! IT'S TOO--HIGH!
I'LL DIE!



THAT'S THE IDEA,
BRIGHT BOY! HE'S
SMART. AIN'T HE?

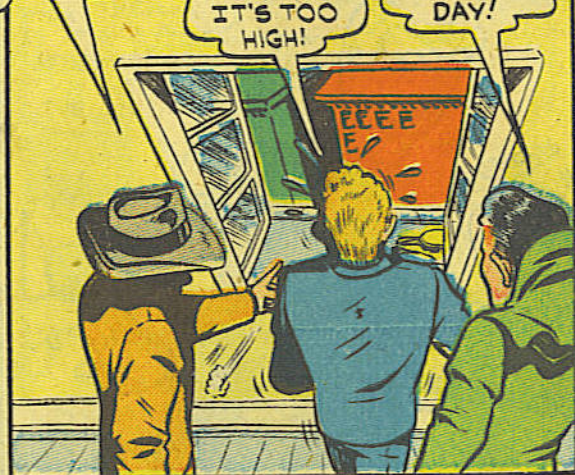
NO--NO--I CAN'T
STAND HIGH PLACES!
IT MAKES ME DIZZY!



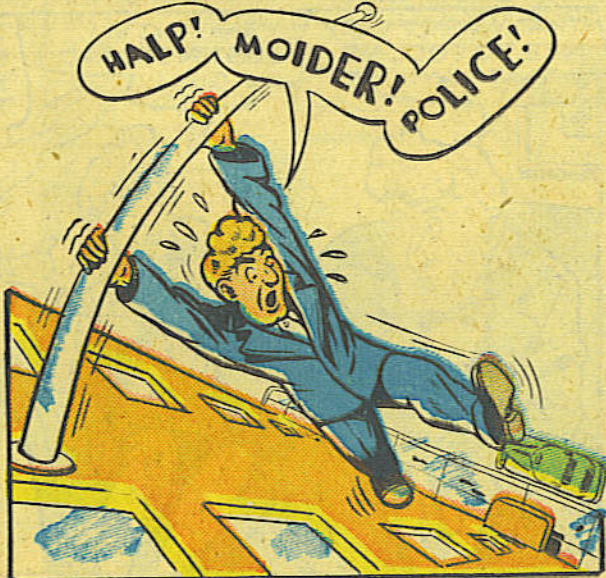
GET GOING...!
JUMP!

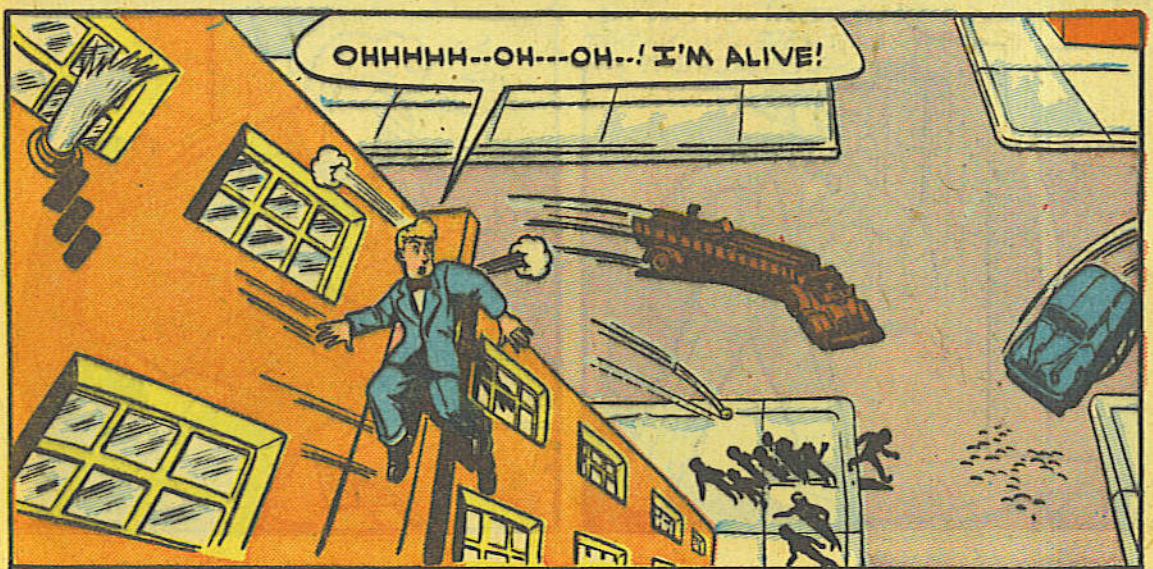
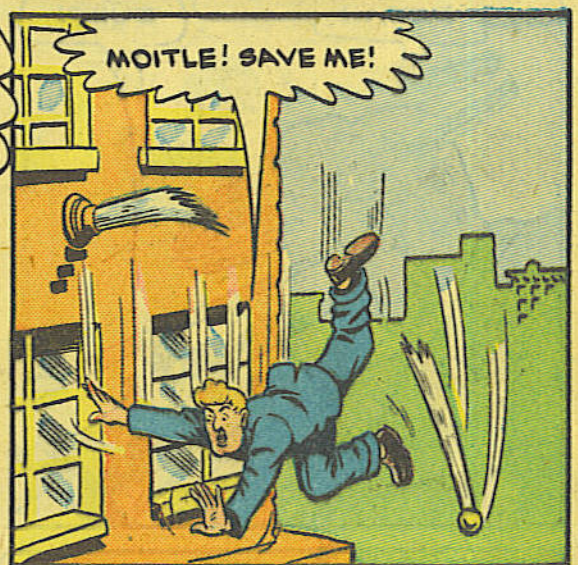
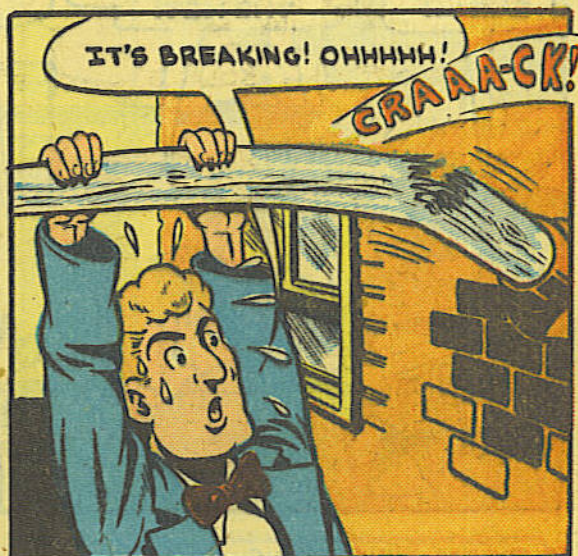
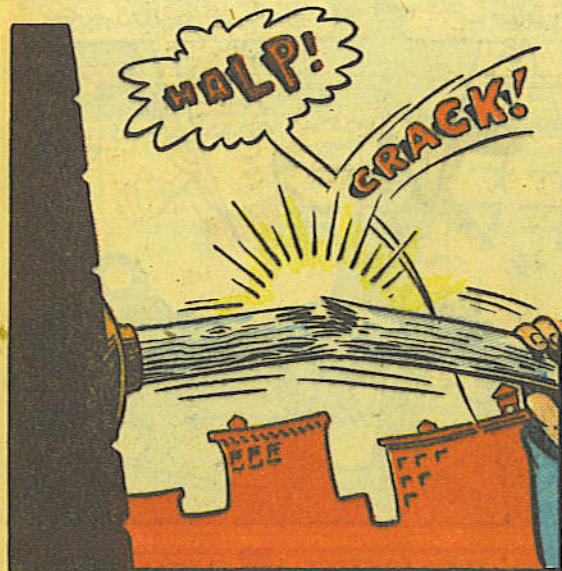
NO--I CAN'T
WE DO IT SOME
OTHER WAY!
IT'S TOO
HIGH!

PUSH HIM
OUT! WE AIN'T
GOT ALL
DAY!



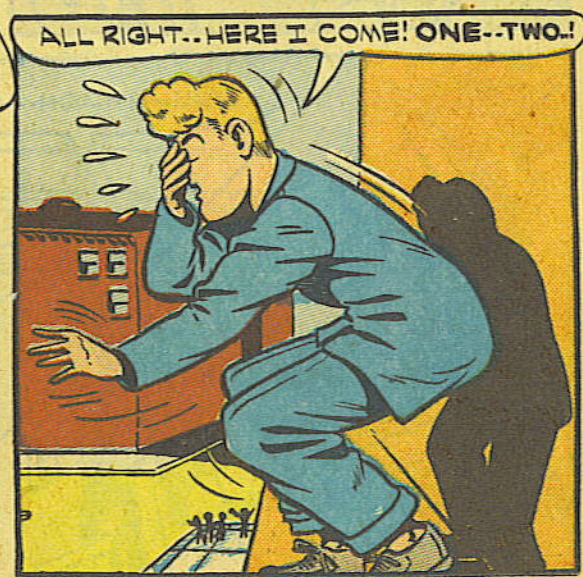
HALP! MOIDER! POLICE!







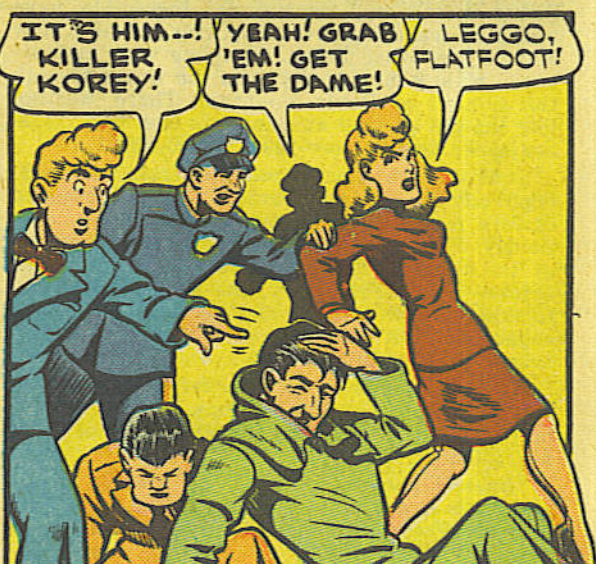
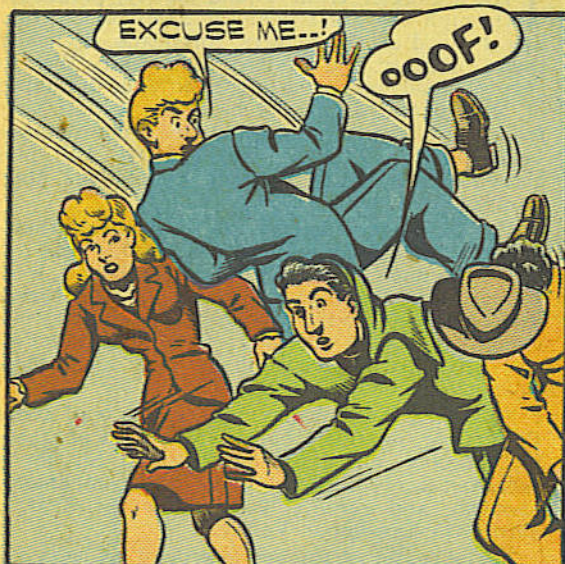
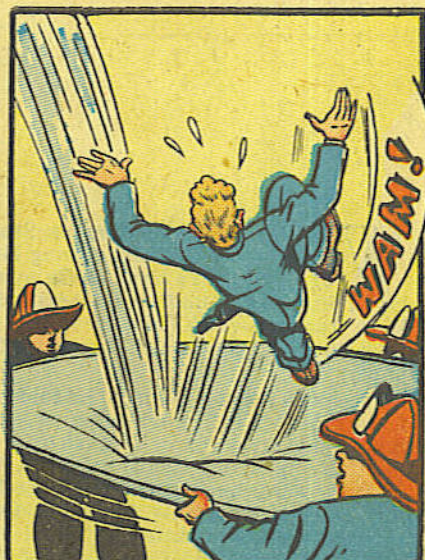
HE TELLS ME NOT TO WORRY...! HOW CAN THEY CATCH ME--IN--IN--THAT HANDKERCHIEF?!





NO...! OVER HERE!

THREE!



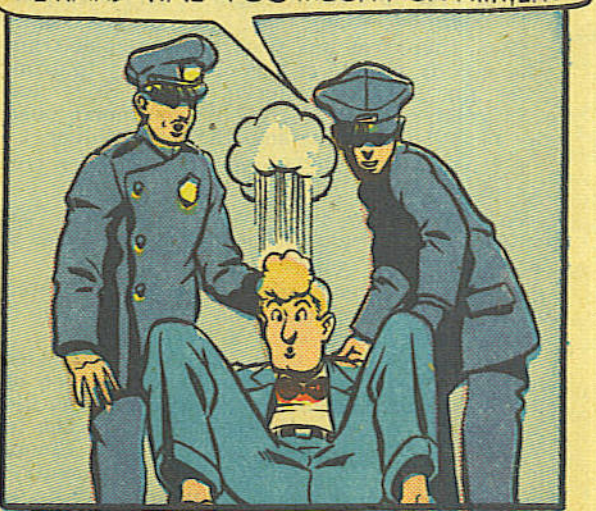
HARRY QUICKLY EXPLAINS AS KILLER AND HIS MOB ARE ROUNDED UP...

NICE WORK, HARRY! THERE'LL BE A REWARD FOR THIS!

IS...IS..THAT-- WHERE--I FELL FROM...? ALL THE WAY UP THERE?

YER..! QUITE A DROPEH?

GUESS THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE REWARD WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM, EH?



Pay Dirt

By Ralph

WOUNDED at the famous Stockton ranch fight of the Eighties, Zwing Hunt, member of Curly Bill's band of Galeyville outlaws, lay dying in his uncle's house in San Antonio. With rasping voice, his breathing labored, his eyes blurred, he called defiantly for pen and paper.

"I aim to leave a record," he told his uncle. His fingers flew over the white paper, pitted against his ebbing strength in a finish race to complete his drawing before death overtook him. Finally, when he sank back, exhausted, the last spark of life flickering out, his stiffening fingers held a map, carefully annotated.

For more than sixty years, the disclosures of Zwing Hunt's map, sensational, incredible, have sent men scurrying feverishly over Arizona, New Mexico and West Texas. Complete with instructions, Hunt's map boldly tells the world to seek the summit of Davis Mountain. There, waiting like the pot of gold at rainbow's end, is a treasure cache worth more than \$3,000,000!...

Down Sonora way, a smuggler train was making ready for a trip to Tucson. The dark-skinned drivers moved about their work expertly, cautiously. Fresh in their memories was the horror of the Skeleton Canyon massacre of a month before—July, 1881. Wary, the smugglers vowed to take no new, untried members on this second expedition. But they figured without the adeptness of a Curly Bill.

As the smugglers worked, softly singing old ranchero songs, one Jim Hughes, a swarthy half-breed, fluent in Spanish and charming of manner, idled by.

"Buenas noches, amigos," he greeted pleasantly. "Is it not a fine evening?" The smugglers met his words with ominous scowls and hostile glances.

"Oh, come now," Hughes persisted "Is this the way of *hidalgo* hospitality? I am but a weary traveler, looking for one to share a cold bottle —" He held up a small flagon of very old Spanish *amontillado* wine.

Soon, there was one from the smuggler train who eagerly jumped at this opportunity to drink from Jim Hughes' tempting bottle. Slyly and with great cunning, Curly Bill's henchman plied the smuggler with the smooth, potent liquor.

Softly, he asked, "Do your mules carry you far, my friend?"

Somewhat tipsy, the smuggler answered, "Si, amigo. Toward Tucson." The man shuddered as if he was suddenly chilled.

Catching the movement, Hughes suggested softly "You shake like a man afraid. What is it that puts fear in so stout a *muchacho*?"

"It is the terrible Curly Bill," the smuggler confided. "We go again through the Canyon of the Skeletons, through the wilds of the Peloncillo Mountains, from the Valley of the Anamas in Mexico Nuevo to the Valley of San Simon in Arizona. The great *bandido* rules this country. I am afraid I do not wish to die, *senor*."

"You are but seeing ghosts," Hughes chided. "You talk like an old woman."

When the smuggler train left Sonora, Jim Hughes went with it. But on the second day out, he slyly took a dose of ipecac. The nauseous drug made him so violently ill that the smugglers were forced to leave him behind, as they thought, to die.

As soon as he was able, Jim Hughes made his way on horseback, by various short cuts, to Curly Bill's headquarters at Galeyville. The great Bill was away at Charleston, so Hughes took matters into his own hands.

THE smuggler train wound slowly, painfully, through the great defile of Skeleton Canyon. Sweat stood on the drivers' foreheads, drenched their clothing, and matted their hair. Weary, they plodded under the hot noon sun, dreaming of Mexico and dark-eyed beauties. A half mile from the canyon's mouth and the same distance below Devil's Kitchen, where Curly Bill had slaughtered so many of their companions, they stopped for lunch.

The fifteen members of the train busied themselves with building small fires. Coffee was put on to simmer and tortillas and beans were brought out from saddle packs. A hot breeze drifted lazily through the canyon, lulling the idle smugglers like a narcotic. They drank coffee, ate, stretched in what shade they could find. Soon, they would be safe in Tucson.

Suddenly, murderously, the canyon wall above the loafing smugglers burst into a sheet of crashing, flaming, death-dealing rifle fire. Six muleteers fell dead, killed outright. Their companions, shouting and cursing, fled, minus their cargo, across the San Simon Valley.

In the center of the battle ground, at least one outlaw lay, seriously wounded. Billy Grounds, one of the gang, dragged Zwing Hunt into the shade of an oak tree.

There, he bound his friend's wounds. While these two were immobilized under Outlaw's Oak, Jim Hughes, leader of the ambush, took his men tearing after the stampeded pack mules.

Rifles roared and the frightened animals tumbled hoofs over head. From the dead pack animals, Hughes and his men took \$90,000 in Mexican "dobs." In addition, they found thirty-nine bars of gold. Finding the loot too heavy to carry, the outlaws cached it. Several days later, with a Mexican wagoner and a four-horse team, they removed the cache to the top of Davis Mountain. There, in a pit already half filled with robber loot, they dumped their ill-gotten treasure.

When Zwing knew he was going to die, he set his jaw to wagging. In San Antonio, he told his uncle all details of a ninety-day raid into Mexico.

"Twenty-nine of us boys went in," Hunt related excitedly. "Only eighteen came out alive, and one of these died. In Monterey, we got diamonds, a whole box full of 'em. In Matamoras, we grabbed two statues, solid gold." His eyes

Paradise

Powers

smoldered feverishly.

"But," he continued, "one of the boys was mortally wounded. He just wouldn't die outright, though. So we took him with us, groanin' and ravin' the whole way back. He died finally, at Silver Spring on Davis Mountain..."

When you consider the accuracy of Hunt's map, it may surprise you to learn that no one has yet claimed the treasure.

The directions are simple. You go to southeastern Arizona. There, you look for Davis Mountain, a rounded, bald, granite dome, visible for miles across rolling plains that run east from it. On top, with a good pair of field glasses, you can see over a tremendous slice of New Mexico. You can't miss Davis Mountain. The old sugar-loaf stands boldly against the sky.

When you arrive at Davis Mountain, head west. About a mile and a half, due west, you will find a canyon. Wooded hills form the east wall of this barranca, while a sheer rock precipice rises sharply on the west. Flowing through the canyon, a small creek plunges over a ledge, making a cataract about ten feet high.

In the shade of a tall juniper tree, bubbling up from the bottom of the canyon's west wall, is Silver Spring. At the foot of the juniper, slabs of stone mark an outlaw's grave. Here died the owlhooter whom Zwing Hunt said, "just wouldn't die." At the head of the grave, in a tin can, five hundred gold dollars are buried.

Unless you are fiendishly greedy, you won't disturb a dead man's grave for the sake of such a paltry gold cache. The really big money lies ahead. Let the outlaw sleep in peace.

Up the canyon, south of Silver Spring, distant one mile and three-tenths, is Gum Spring. Between these two springs, on the grass-covered canyon floor, lie scattered the remains of a burned wagon. You should easily find the rusty, iron felloe-rims, axles, springs and hubs, slightly imbedded in the soil.

BETWEEN Silver Spring and Gum Spring, the west wall of the canyon curves inward, forming a shallow cove. In the depths of this concave space, a little out from the wall, not more than three feet, stands a slender obelisk of stone. It is three feet high, squarely shaped and a foot thick. Two crosses are chiseled deeply, one above the other, on the east face of this pillar.

At the obelisk, you must face Davis Mountain. Step, then, twenty paces east. You will find yourself on a point along a line, straight north and south, between Silver Spring and Gum Spring. The wreckage of the burned wagon will be in front of you. Stop! Go no farther. This is the spot! If your feet are itching, it is because you are standing directly over \$3,000,000!

Swing your pick. Dig, dig, dig! What's that? You scrape something hard? Don't be afraid. Skeletons are harmless. It is the remains of the Mexican wagoner, hired by Jim Hughes to haul the loot from the scene of the Skeleton Canyon massacre. To seal his tongue, the bandits killed

the unfortunate wagon driver, burying his miserable remains with the fabulous cargo he had transported while yet alive.

Delving past the skeleton, you will find a leaded box. Open it. It is full of diamonds stolen by Zwing Hunt and his gang from a bank in Monterey.

Deeper down, your pick strikes something soft. Quickly, you stoop in the yawning pit. Your pick is stuck fast in a large, statuary figure: a religious statue, done in pure gold! By its side, there is another figure, also pure gold. The cathedral in Matamoras has long since given up hope of finding these precious pieces. Take them.

If you aren't already sated by the sight of such riches, you will dig on. You will find sacks of gold and silver money, thirty-nine gold bars, 90,000 dobe dollars, Jim Hughes' loot. Taken together, it adds up to \$3,000,000—if you care to count it.

It is so easy, you say. Why hasn't someone found the Davis Mountain treasure?

Down in the San Simon Valley, you can still see the skeletons of the pack mules, killed by Jim Hughes and his outlaws. The rawhide packs are still there, rotted by sun and rain. Lonesome cowboys, riding range, still pick up dobe dollars, scattered by the stampeding mules. A few years ago, Joseph Wheeler, wealthy cowman, found six of these coins in Skeleton Canyon.

An unknown Dutchman searched the area for many years, pitting the ground with his prospect holes. He didn't get the treasure. Some say the outlaws themselves came back and got it. Zwing Hunt, on his deathbed, denied this. And he left his map, crystal clear. Where then, is the difficulty?

Rube Hadden, of Paradise, Arizona, says the story of the Davis Mountain treasure is pure hokum. He says that Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds weren't even present at the Skeleton Canyon ambush. He swears that Jim Hughes and his men got only \$4,000 from the venture, and they spent that quickly.

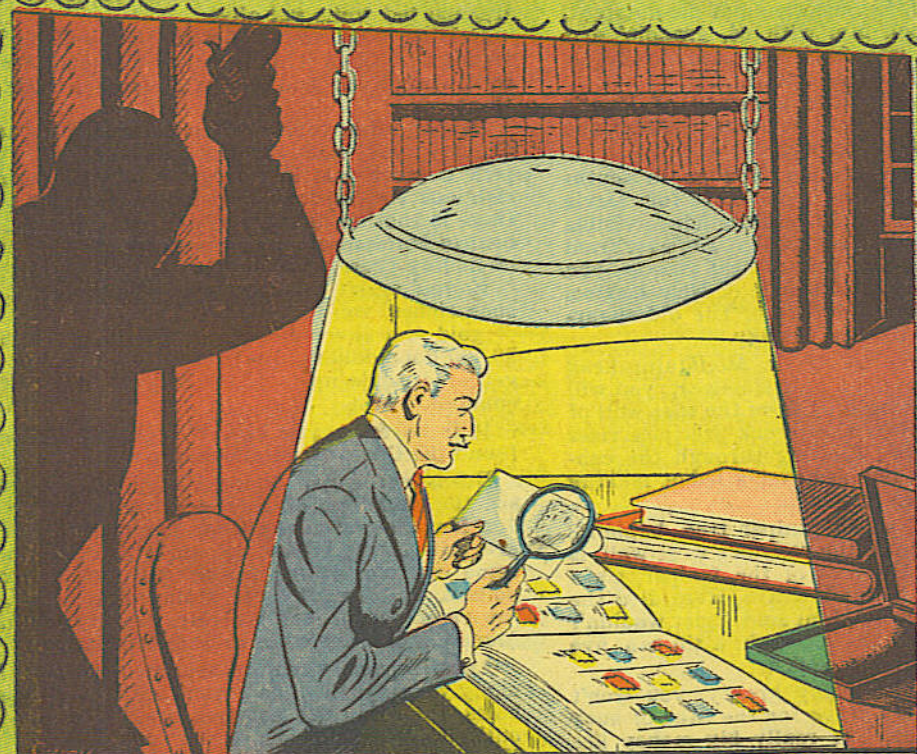
"Why," the old pioneer declares, "Zwing Hunt faked the whole thing. It was the last dramatic gesture of a dying man."

But in another part of Arizona, at West Turkey Creek Canyon, Bill Sanders swears that the treasure story is true. He's seen the map, and he's hunted for the bandit millions. Somehow, though, he hasn't found them. Like all those who preceded him, Sanders has been tripped up by one thing.

When Zwing Hunt so carefully, so laboriously drew his map, telling in detail how to find the \$3,000,000 loot, he omitted the one, most vital point. He failed to reveal the location of Davis Mountain!

No map shows it. Old-timers admit they do not know where it could be. Perhaps, as Rube Hadden suggests, Zwing Hunt produced an elaborate hoax. Through the veil of the unknown, Zwing Hunt may be laughing, hugely enjoying his joke these many years!

MR. RISK

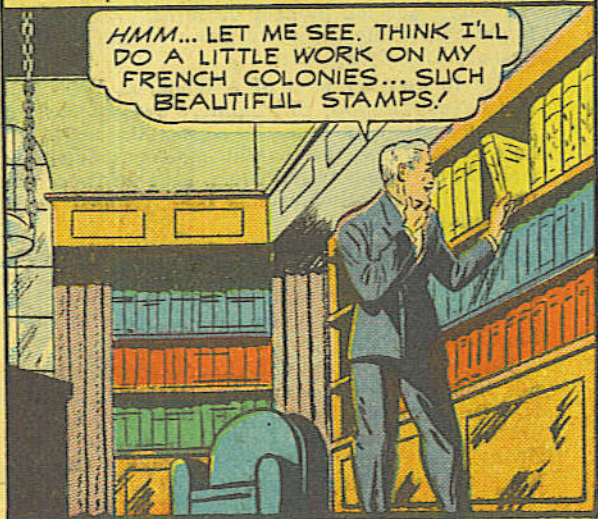


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70 possession of the rare Grenada stamp almost cost Robert Hilton his life. Who wanted it and why? Only a call to **Dangerfield-7-7777** enlisting the aid of Mr. Risk could unravel the *Affair of the Two-Penny Scarlet.*

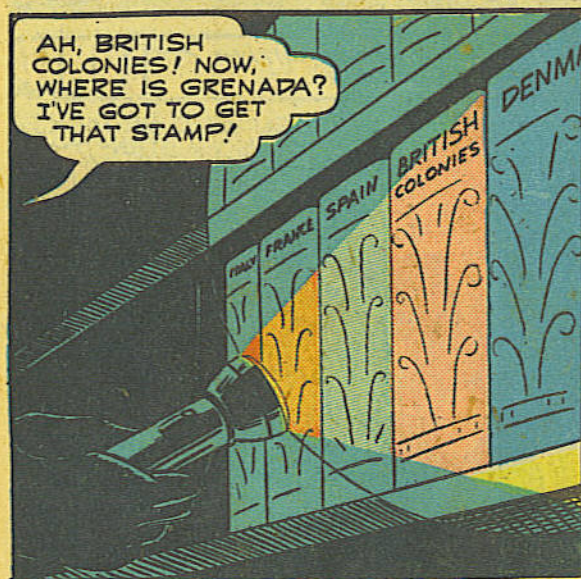
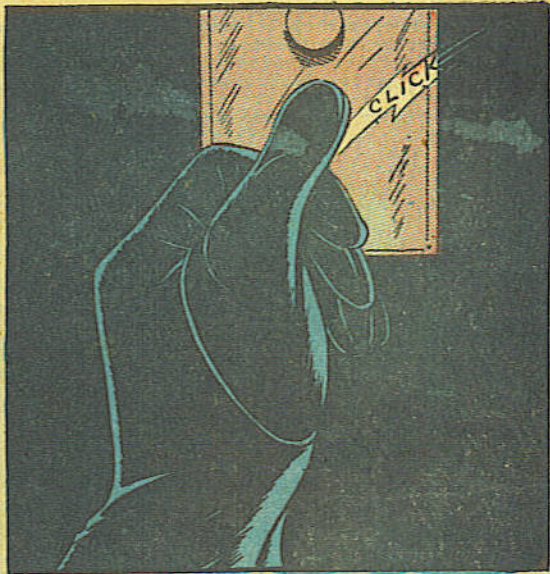
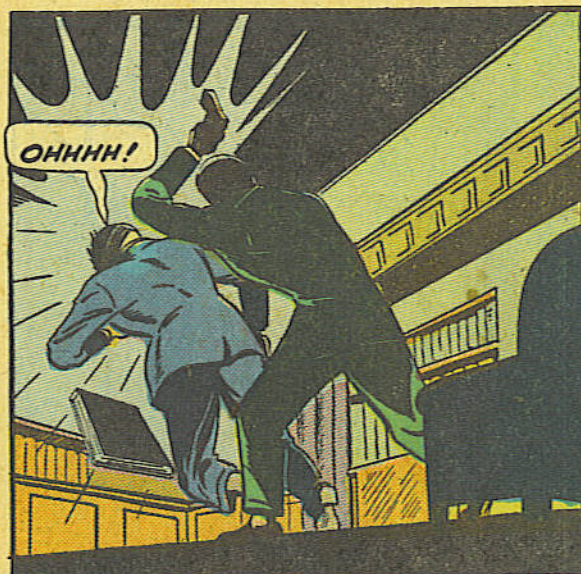
The famous library of the prominent stamp collector, Robert Hilton....

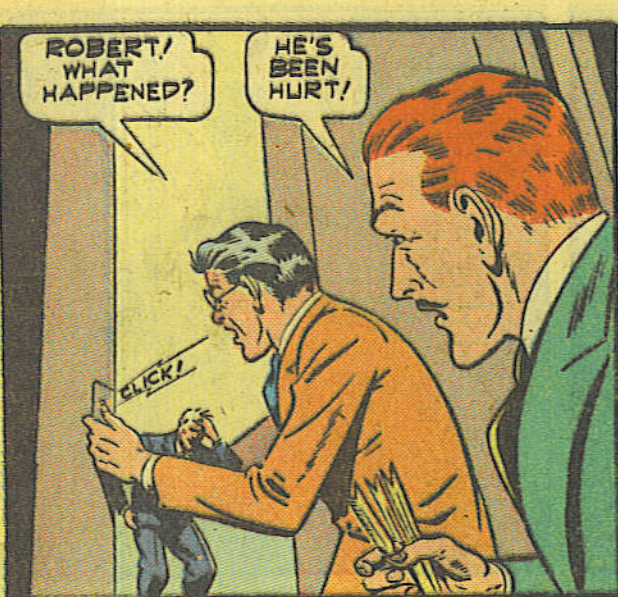
HMM... LET ME SEE. THINK I'LL DO A LITTLE WORK ON MY FRENCH COLONIES... SUCH BEAUTIFUL STAMPS!



NOW FOR A QUIET EVENING IN A COMFORTABLE CHAIR AS I TAKE A TRIP THROUGH FRENCH AFRICA. WHAT A HOBBY!







ROBERT!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

HE'S
BEEN
HURT!

CLICK!



WHO
DID
IT?

EASY
NOW!

LET ME ALONE.
I'LL BE ALL
RIGHT!



THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! I'M
ATTACKED, THREATENING LETTERS!
I'M GOING TO CALL MR. RISK!
HE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF
THIS!



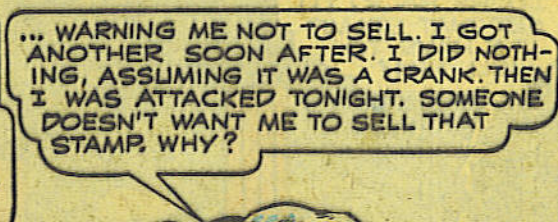
*Mr. Risk and Abdul arrive at
Hilton's home...*

IT'S A RELIEF TO HAVE YOU HERE, MR. RISK.
THESE ARE MY TWO FRIENDS, WM. GLEN-
DON, THE DART THROWING CHAMPION
AND GIDEON QUILCH, A FELLOW COL-
LECTOR AND SHALL I SAY, ER,
RIVAL.



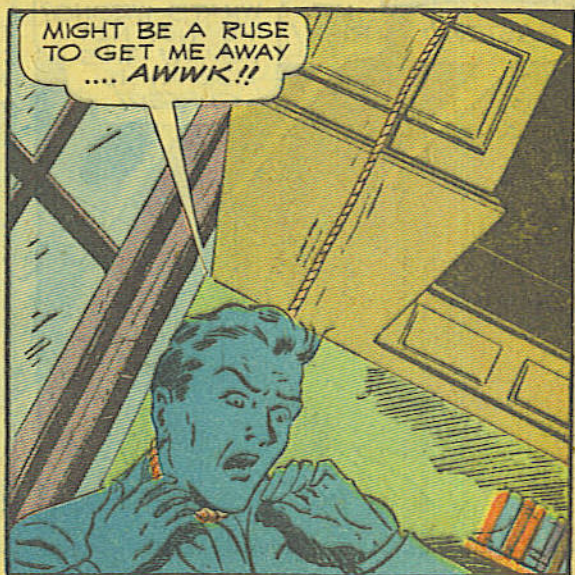
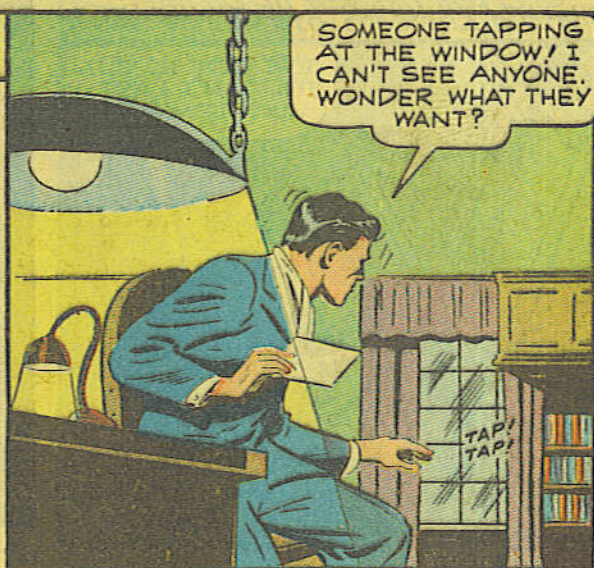
TELL ME YOUR
STORY FROM
THE BEGINNING,
MR. HILTON.

IT ALL SEEMS TO HAVE
STARTED WITH MY
DECISION TO SELL THE
FAMOUS GRENADA 2P
SCARLET. A FEW DAYS
AFTER I ANNOUNCED
MY INTENTIONS OF
SELLING I GOT MY FIRST
THREATENING LETTER...



... WARNING ME NOT TO SELL. I GOT
ANOTHER SOON AFTER. I DID NOTH-
ING, ASSUMING IT WAS A CRANK. THEN
I WAS ATTACKED TONIGHT. SOMEONE
DOESN'T WANT ME TO SELL THAT
STAMP, WHY?





GOT YOU,
MR. RISK!

CHOKE...MUST...
GET MY KNIFE...
CHOKE...GOT TO
TAKE A CHANCE
AND LET GO!

Mr. Risk manages to get his knife
from his pocket...

...and pull himself up on the rope
with a supreme effort...

I'VE GOT TO CUT
IT... CAN'T LAST
MUCH LONGER!!!

MADE
IT!
OHHHH!

MASTER!

MR.
RISK!

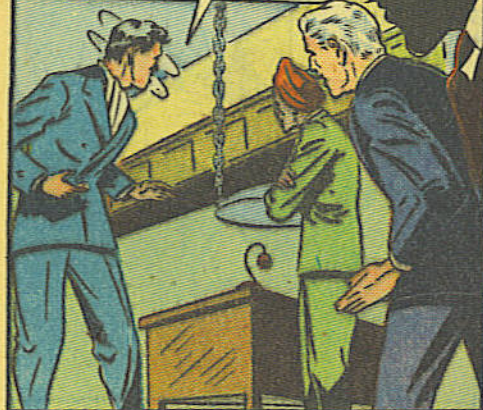
WHAT'S WRONG?
NO! NO! NOT
AGAIN! THIS
LIBRARY IS
CURSED!

YOU
ARE
NOT
HURT,
MASTER?

AHHH! THAT'S BETTER! I'M ALL
RIGHT, ABDUL. YOU WERE
JUST IN TIME! THAT FELLOW
IN THE BALCONY NEARLY
GOT ME!

WHO WAS IT? DID
YOU SEE HIM?

THE ANSWER TO QUESTION ONE--I DON'T KNOW--TO QUESTION TWO--NO. AT LEAST HE WASN'T ABLE TO GET DOWN TO THE ROOM AND...**LOOK!**



THE LETTER IS GONE!

NO ONE CAME DOWN FROM THE BALCONY! I CAN SWEAR IT! HOW DID HE GET THE LETTER?

NOW I'M SURE THE ROOM IS CURSED!



NOTHING BUT A TINY HOLE. YET THE LETTER IS GONE. HM! IF I COULD FIND OUT WHAT MADE THAT HOLE, I MIGHT...



AH! I THINK I'VE GOT IT! QUICK! WHERE IS QUILCH?

WHY, I DON'T KNOW!

ER, WHY ER, I...



COME, GLENDON, SPEAK UP! THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO COVER ANYONE!

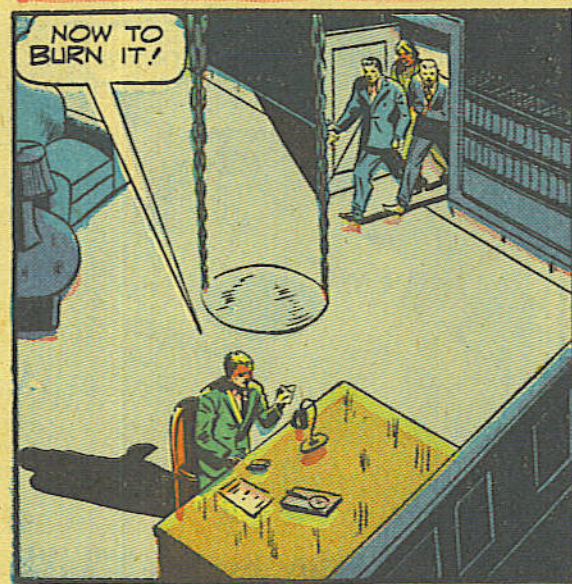
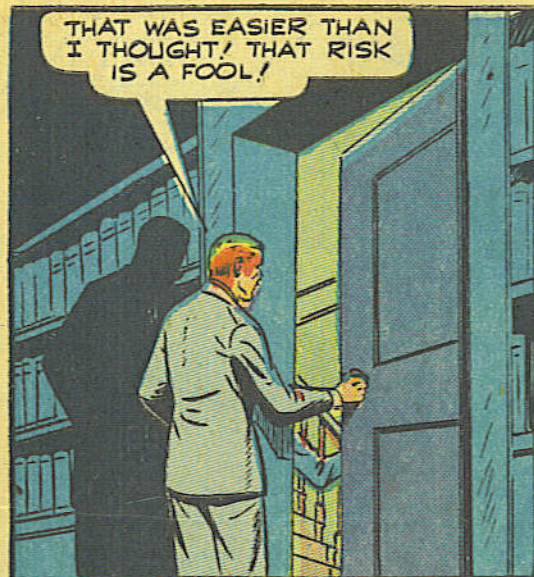
WELL... I HATE TO... ER... I SAW HIM GO UPSTAIRS TO THE BALCONY DOOR JUST BEFORE YOU WERE ATTACKED!

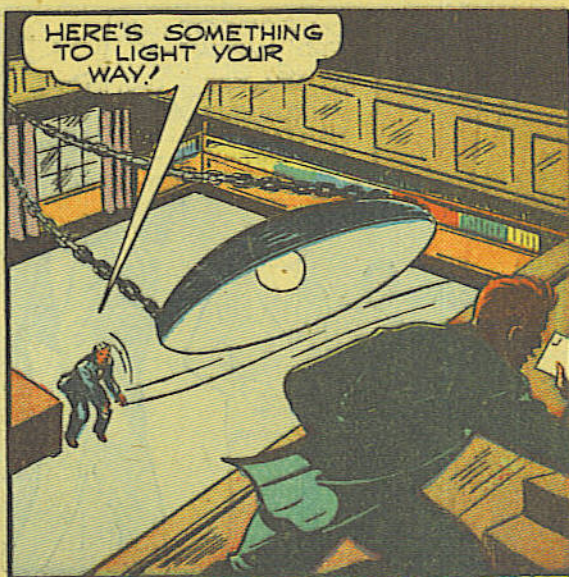
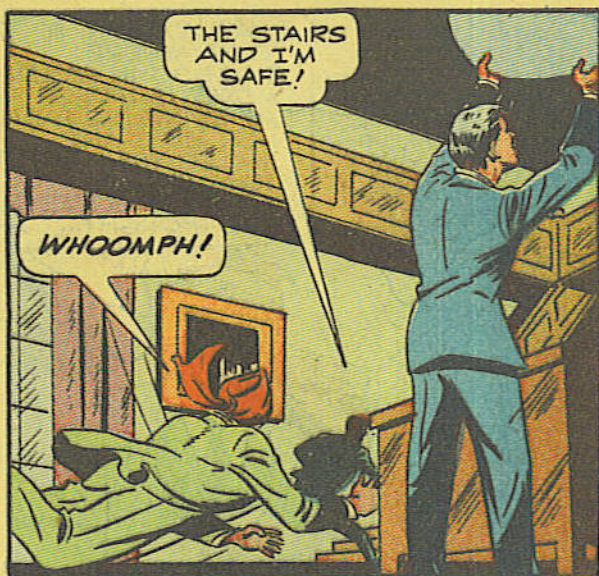
NO!



COME ALONG! WE MUST GET TO HIM BEFORE HE DESTROYS THAT LETTER. HE MUST HAVE BEEN THE MAN ON THE BALCONY!

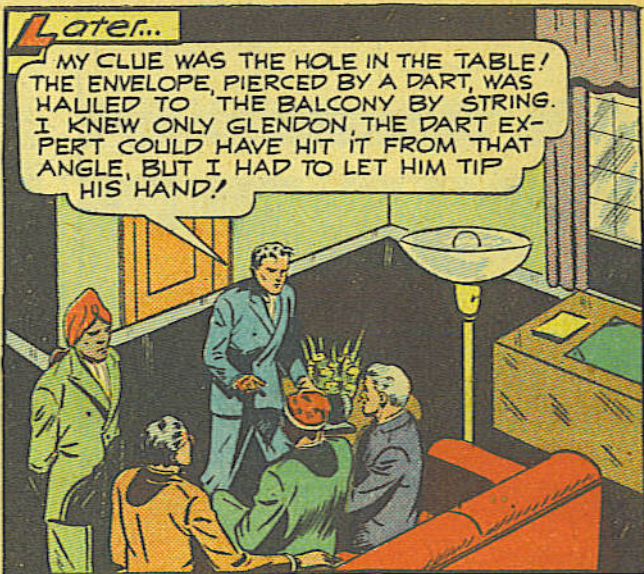






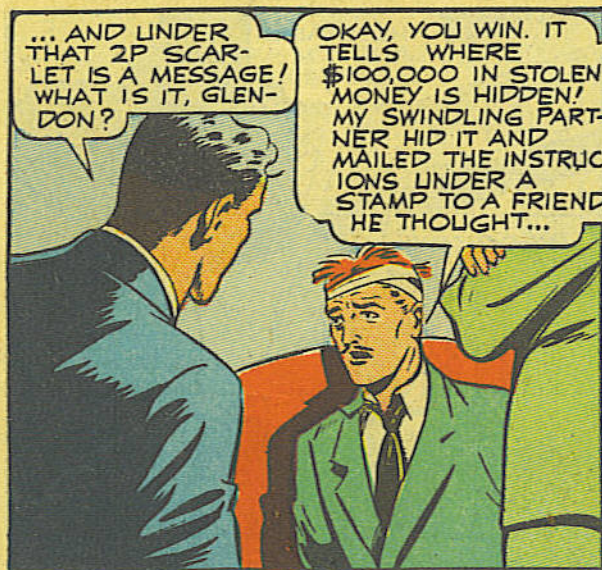


AAAGGHH!



Later...

MY CLUE WAS THE HOLE IN THE TABLE! THE ENVELOPE, PIERCED BY A DART, WAS HAULED TO THE BALCONY BY STRING. I KNEW ONLY GLENDON, THE DART EXPERT COULD HAVE HIT IT FROM THAT ANGLE, BUT I HAD TO LET HIM TIP HIS HAND!

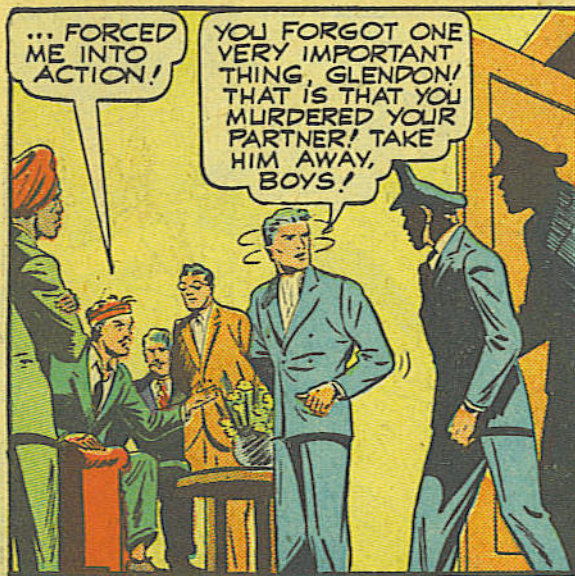


... AND UNDER THAT 2P SCARLET IS A MESSAGE! WHAT IS IT, GLENDON?

OKAY, YOU WIN. IT TELLS WHERE \$100,000 IN STOLEN MONEY IS HIDDEN! MY SWINDLING PARTNER HID IT AND MAILED THE INSTRUCTIONS UNDER A STAMP TO A FRIEND. HE THOUGHT...



... BY USING A RARE STAMP THE FRIEND WOULD REMOVE IT AND FIND THE MESSAGE. INSTEAD, HE SOLD IT TO HILTON. I FINALLY TRACED IT TO FIND IT WAS BEING SOLD AGAIN AND THAT...



... FORCED ME INTO ACTION!

YOU FORGOT ONE VERY IMPORTANT THING, GLENDON! THAT IS THAT YOU MURDERED YOUR PARTNER! TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS!



... WHEN HE MENTIONED THE \$100,000 I REMEMBERED THE CASE. THE POLICE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM FOR MONTHS. GREED TRIPPED HIM UP, ELSE HE MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN CAUGHT!

YES, GREED AND MR. RISK!